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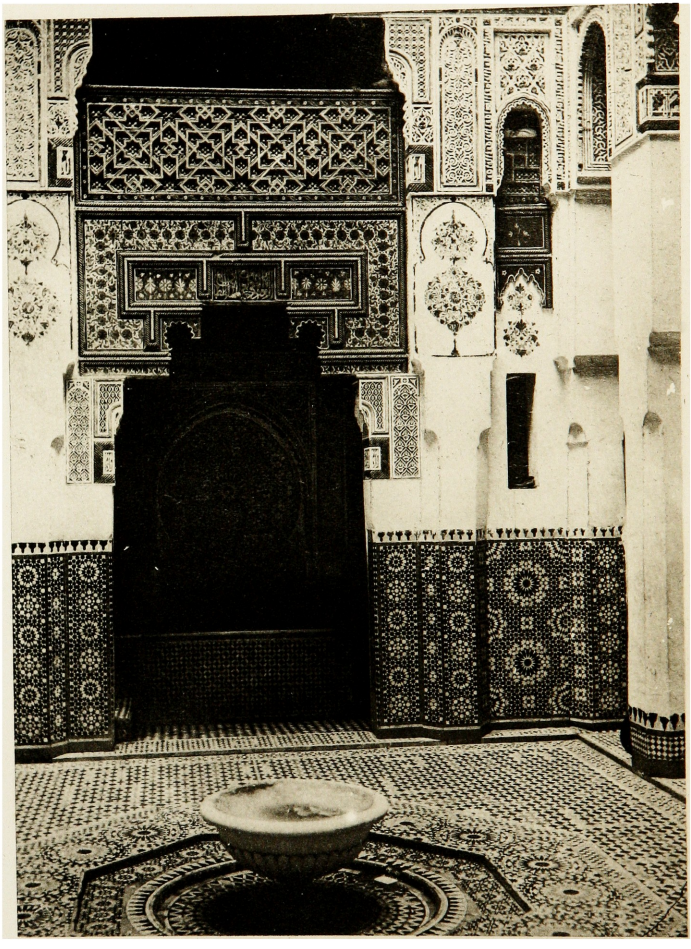
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MOROCCO



In the Sultan's Palace.

MOROCCO

ITS PEOPLE AND PLACES

BY

EDMONDO DE AMICIS,

AUTHOR OF "HOLLAND," "CONSTANTINOPLE," ETC.

TRANSLATED FROM THE THIRTEENTH ITALIAN EDITION BY

MARIA HORNOR LANSDALE

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FEZ.

FEZ.

WE have not gone half a mile in the direction of the city before we are already surrounded by a throng of Arabs and Moors assembled from Fez and the surrounding country, some on foot, some on mules or donkeys, two riding together, like the ancient Numidians, and so beside themselves with curiosity to see us that in order to keep the way clear the soldiers of the escort are obliged to beat them back with the butt-ends of their muskets. The country is flat, and the city of Fez, whose battlemented walls had been plainly visible from the camp, now remains for some little time entirely hidden; then all at once it reappears, and we see in front of the gates an immense white and purple throng, resembling myriads of roses and lilies swaying in the wind. Again the city vanishes, and again reappears, but this time quite close, and between us and it are gathered the people, the army and the court. Such pomp and splendor, such a scene of fantastic beauty, that I dropped my reins at that moment, just as now I drop my pen at the recollection. A band of officers advances to meet us on a gallop, salutes, and dividing into two squads, joins

the escort. Behind them comes a great crowd of cavalry, gorgeously attired, mounted on beautiful horses, and led by a Moor of lofty stature, wearing a white turban and a red caftan. This is the Grand Master of Ceremonies, Hadjè Mohammed Ben Aissa, with the officers of his suite. He is the bearer of the Sultan's message of welcome to the ambassador, and falls in, in his turn, with the escort.

We proceed between two lines of infantry, who with difficulty succeed in restraining the crowd. What soldiers they are! Old men, middle-aged men and boys of fifteen, twelve and even nine years; all alike clad in scarlet, with bare legs and yellow slippers, drawn up without regard to their respective heights, in a single line, with the commanders in front. They present arms, each one in the manner that seemeth best in his own eyes, with their rusty guns terminating in crooked bayonets. One thrusts his foot forward, another stands with legs far apart, another rests his chin on his breast, another looks behind him; some of them have put their jackets over their heads to keep off the sun; now and then we come to a drummer, a trumpeter, five or six flags, all close together; red, yellow, green, orange, held as crosses, are carried in processions; there are no divisions into squads or companies; it is like two rows of pasteboard soldiers stood up by a child. There are negroes, mulattoes, whites and skins of an indefinable color; men of huge stature standing along-

side of children who can barely carry their guns; bent old men, with long white beards, resting their elbows on their neighbors; wild-looking figures, who in those uniforms resemble trained apes. These all gaze at us in open-mouthed wonder, and they stretch away before us in two interminable lines. A second party of horsemen advances towards us on the left, consisting of the old Governor, Gileli Ben Amù, and eighteen under-Governors, followed by the flower of Fez aristocracy, all of them arrayed in white from head to foot, like a throng of ecclesiastics. Severe of aspect, with black beards, silken *caïcs* and gilded harness, they salute us, and wheeling round join the escort and the suite. On we go, still between two files of soldiers, behind whom sways the white be-cloaked crowd, devouring us with eager eyes. Always the same kind of soldiers, youths now for the most part, wearing the fez and red jacket, and with bare legs. Some have light-blue trousers, others white or green; many are in their shirt-sleeves; some rest their guns on the ground, others on their shoulders; this one stands well forward, that one far back. The officers are attired according to fancy—as zuaves, archers, spahis, Greeks, Albanians or Turks—with devices braided in gold or silver, carrying swords and cimeters, sabres, curved daggers, pistols and poniards; they wear high boots or yellow slippers, without heels; some are dressed entirely in crimson, others all in white, others in green. They look like

the demons at a fancy ball. From time to time the face of a European looks out from among them, regarding us with mingled interest and melancholy. As many as ten flags will be in one group. The trumpets all sound as we go by, and sometimes a woman's fist is shaken at us threateningly between the soldiers' heads. The city walls seem to recede the farther we advance, and the two lines of soldiers to stretch away before us like interminable hedges of crimson roses.

Another group of horsemen, even more gorgeously attired than the preceding ones, now comes to meet us, headed by the old Minister of War, Sid-Abd-Alla ben-Hamed, a negro mounted on a white horse, with sky-blue housings. With him are the Military Governor of the district, the commander of the Fez garrison and a host of staff generals, crowned with snow-white turbans, and wearing caftans of a hundred different hues. We proceed on our way. We have already been defiling for half an hour between the ranks of the soldiers, and someone says there are four miles more of them. On one side the cavalry is now drawn up, and on the other a strange, anomalous assemblage. Men and boys dressed in a hundred different kinds of uniform, or rather remnants of uniforms; half carrying arms and half without; some with cloaks, others with rags wound around their heads, and others again bareheaded; some half-naked, with features belonging to the desert, to the sea-shore,

to the Atlas Mountains, to the Rif, to the province of Sus; shaved heads and long locks of hair; giants and dwarfs; wild-beast faces, and faces of dead men; phantoms, puppets, theatrical-looking beings; people gathered together, Heaven only knows where from, to swell those terrifying crowds. Back of them, on two high banks of earth running parallel with the road, throngs of veiled women are assembled, who shout and gesticulate in sign of wonder, of contempt and of enjoyment, too, as they lift their children high above their heads that they may obtain a better view.

We now approach a lofty gateway, crowned with battlements. The music of a band breaks on our ears, and immediately all the drums and trumpets of the army burst forth, making a most infernal din. The order for the grand entry is then taken; all those dignitaries, generals, courtiers, ministers, officers and slaves crowd about us; our escort is disbanded, our servants scattered, and we ourselves, separated from one another, are swept forward with irresistible impetus in a torrent of horses and turbans, a confusion of color, a phantasmagoria of strange, wild faces, amid the din of strident voices, the rush and turmoil of a battle; a spectacle so barbarous and so magnificent that we are at once charmed and bewildered.

Passing through a large gateway we look around expecting to find ourselves surrounded by the houses of the city, instead of which nothing is to be seen but

the walls, and high battlemented towers; to the left is a *kubba*, with a green dome, shaded by a couple of palm-trees; all around the *kubba*, at the foot of the walls, on the towers, in every direction—more people. We pass through another gate, and at last enter a street flanked by houses.

I have only the most confused recollection of what I saw during that ride through the city, so dazed was I by the scene we had just passed through, as well as preoccupied by my efforts to preserve my life, as we were riding over very rough stones and amid such a press of horses that it would have been a bad look-out for him who should have made a misstep. I only remember that we passed through a number of narrow, empty streets, between rows of very tall houses, mounting and descending, choked by dust and deafened by the tramp of the horses' hoofs; that after a good half-hour's ride we threaded a labyrinth of steep, narrow little lanes, through which we had to pass in single file; that we finally dismounted before a small doorway, between two rows of scarlet soldiers, who presented arms, and that finally we entered our own abode. What a delicious sensation it was! The palace assigned to us proved to be a princely residence, built in pure Moorish style, having a small garden, shaded by rows of lemon and orange-trees. From this garden the inner court-yard was reached by a very low doorway, and a corridor barely wide enough to admit of the passage of one person at a

time. Around the court-yard were twelve white pillars, connected by arches shaped like horse-shoes, supporting, on a level with the second floor, an arched gallery, furnished with a wooden balustrade. The pavement of the court-yard, of the gallery, and of the rooms was all of magnificent mosaics, the squares enameled in the most vivid colors; the arches were arabesqued and painted; the balustrades carved in openwork of the most exquisite delicacy; the entire edifice so harmonious and of so graceful a design as to be worthy of the architects of the Alhambra. There was a fountain in the middle of the court, and another with three jets of water played in an alcove in one of the walls overlaid with mosaic stars and roses. From the centre of every arch hung a large Moorish lantern. One arm of the building extended along the side of the garden, its charming façade divided into three arabesqued and painted arches, before which a third fountain played. And in addition there were all those little court-yards and corridors and tiny rooms and innumerable recesses of an eastern house. A few iron bedsteads, without sheets or bedding; some pendulum clocks, a mirror in the court-yard, two chairs and a small table for the use of the ambassador, and a half a dozen pitchers and basins composed the entire furniture of the palace. In the principal rooms the walls were hung with cloth worked in gold, and white mattresses were spread on the floor; not a chair, not a table, not a

single convenience of any kind. Our own furniture would have to be brought from the camp; but to atone for this lack there was a freshness everywhere, everywhere the splash of water; shade, perfume, a something inexpressibly soft and voluptuous in the shapes, the colors, the light, the air, which made one gay and pensive by turns. The entire building was surrounded by a lofty wall, and beyond the wall extended a labyrinth of narrow, deserted streets. Hardly had we reached the court-yard when the ministers and other great personages began to arrive, and each sat talking with the ambassador for fifteen minutes, caressing his feet all the while.

The Minister of Finance interested me most of all. He was a Moor, about fifty years old, of forbidding aspect, with a smooth face, dressed entirely in white and wearing a large turban. The longer I looked at him the harder I found it to believe that that man could have anything in common with Minghetti and Sella. An interpreter told me that he had a very fine mind, and adduced in proof an anecdote to the effect that having on one occasion seen one of those mechanical contrivances for performing arithmetical calculations, he had made the identical calculations in the same length of time and with similar results. One should have seen the air of reverential awe with which Selam, Ali, Civo and all the other Arab servants regard these personages, who, next to the Sultan himself, embodied in their estimation the utmost

height of science, power and glory possible to attain to on this earth.

When the visits were ended we proceeded to take possession of our palace. The two artists, the doctor and I had the rooms overlooking the garden; the others, those on the court. Interpreters, cooks, sailors, servants, soldiers, each one found his own little niche, and in a few hours the aspect of the building had completely changed. When all had been satisfactorily adjusted we began to think about seeing the city. Ussi and Biseo sallied forth first, then the commander and the captain, while I determined to wait until the next day, in order to see everything with entirely fresh eyes. The others went off two by two, surrounded, like malefactors, by troops of foot-soldiers armed with guns and clubs, and it was an hour before they returned, an hour which seemed to me an eternity. At last they reappeared, covered with dust and dripping with perspiration, as though fresh from a battle-field, and showing by their gestures the excitement they were laboring under, even before they began to utter such disjointed phrases as: "Big city, great crowds, enormous mosques, naked saints, curses, blows, sights from the other world." The most entertaining experience was that of Ussi. It seemed that on one of the very crowded thoroughfares, notwithstanding the vigilance of the soldiers, a young girl of about fifteen had flung herself on his back like a fury, and fetching him a vigorous blow

on the back of the neck, had shouted: "Accursed be these Christians; there is not a corner left in Morocco where they do not thrust themselves in!" Such was the first welcome extended to Italian art within the walls of Fez.

Late that night I made a tour through the palace. Upon the landings, in front of each bed-room, at the foot of the stairs, in the garden, soldiers were stretched, wrapped in their cloaks and sleeping profoundly. Before the small door leading into the court-yard the faithful Hamed Ben Kasen was snoring away in the open air, lying on a mat with his sword beside him. The light of the lanterns shone dimly upon the mosaics set in the walls and pavements, making them look as though they were studded with precious stones, and lending to the entire building that air of mysterious magnificence proper to a royal palace. The sky was covered with stars; a light breeze stirred among the orange-trees in the garden; through the silence of the night could be distinctly heard the ripple of the River of Pearls, the gurgle of the fountains, the ticking of the clocks, and from time to time the penetrating voices of the sentinels as they chanted prayers from the various external doorways of the palace. What enchanting hours I passed that night standing with my face pressed against the iron bars of my window, through which poured a flood of moonlight, thinking of the great unknown city extending all about me, of home, of my friends, of the Sultan's beauties, of

the other world, of a thousand and one strange or beloved objects!

On the following day we went out in parties of five, each accompanied by an interpreter and escorted by ten infantry soldiers; one of the latter wore buttons stamped with a likeness of Queen Victoria, many of these red uniforms being obtained second-hand from the English soldiers at Gibraltar. Two of the guard marched before, two behind and three on either side of us. The first carried muskets, and the others clubs and knotted cords, and their countenances were such that when I think of them even now, I bless the ship that conveyed me safely back to Europe. The interpreter asked what we wished to see. "All of Fez" was our reply, and he accordingly conducted us, first of all, to the heart of the city. Here I might well say, *Who will give me a voice and put words into my mouth!* How can I possibly express the wonder, amazement, pity and melancholy I experienced on beholding that spectacle, at once so majestic and so mournful? The first impression made on one is of an immense, decrepit old city, slowly decaying away. Lofty houses, which seem to be built one upon another, falling into ruin, the plaster dropping off, cracked from top to bottom, propped up on all sides, having no other apertures but a few slits in the forms of crosses or loop-holes. Long extents of street, flanked on either side by high walls, as bare as fortifications; streets leading first up and then

down, choked with rubbish, with stones, with débris from the tottering buildings, turning and twisting every thirty feet; on all sides long-covered alleys, dark as subterranean tunnels, through which one must feel his way. Narrow lanes closed at one end, recesses, caverns, damp, uninviting mazes, cluttered with bones, dead animals and rotten straw; all seen through a sort of twilight darkness that adds inexpressibly to the general melancholy. In some places the ground is so uneven, the dust so thick, the smell so abominable, the flies so importunate, that we are obliged to pause to recover our breath. In half an hour we have wound in and out to such an extent that could our route be traced on paper it would rival the most intricate arabesques in the Alhambra. From time to time we hear the noise of a millwheel, the murmur of water, the rattle of a loom, a chanting of nasal voices, issuing, we are informed, from a boys' school, but there is nothing to be seen in any direction. We approach the centre of the metropolis, and begin to meet more people; the men stop to let us go by, regarding us with a look of wonder; the women turn their backs, or get out of sight; the children cry out and take to their heels; the boys mutter and clinch their fists, furtively keeping one eye on the soldiers' clubs. We catch glimpses of fountains richly ornamented with mosaics, arabesqued doorways, arched court-yards, the scattered remains of a beautiful Arabian architecture destroyed by time.

A Gate of Fez.



Every moment a plunge into a covered passage-way lands us in darkness; then comes a short interval of pale light, then utter darkness again. We now enter one of the principal streets, six or seven feet wide and crowded with people. Every one turns around or presses forward to see us. The soldiers shout, push and strike out to right and left in order to clear the way, being obliged at length to content themselves with making a sort of bulwark with their chests on either side of us, holding on by one another's hands, so as not to become separated in the throng. We are conscious of a thousand eyes fastened upon us; we are gasping, dripping with perspiration; on we go, very slowly though, and stopping every now and then to let a Moor pass on horseback, or a donkey loaded with bleeding sheep's-heads, or a camel carrying a veiled lady. To the right and left are crowded bazaars, court-yards of inns filled with merchandise, doorways of mosques, through which we catch glimpses of long vistas of white arches and prostrate forms of worshippers. As far as the eye can reach nothing is to be seen along the street but a mass of hoods, all white, and the owners apparently walking on tiptoe. The air is heavy with the penetrating odor of aloes, spices, incense, *kiff*. We seem to be promenading through a huge druggists' establishment. We pass groups of boys, their heads covered with scars and scabs; deformed old women without a hair on their crowns and with bare breasts,

who make way for us unwillingly and hurl abuse at us; crazy men, almost entirely naked, their heads crowned with flowers and feathers, and branches of trees in their hands, laughing, singing, repeating the same word over and over, and jumping up and down in front of the soldiers, who drive them off with blows. Turning into another street we encounter a saint extraordinarily fat, and naked from head to foot, who drags himself along with difficulty, holding one hand before him and leaning with the other on a stick wrapped about with a red rag. He looks at us askance in passing, and mutters something I cannot make out. A little further on four soldiers are dragging along a torn and bleeding wretch—a thief caught in the act—while a crowd of boys run after them crying: "His hand! His hand! Cut off his hand!" In another street we meet two men carrying a litter on which a corpse is lying; it is dried like a mummy, and wrapped in a white linen bag fastened about the neck, waist and knees. I keep asking myself where I am, whether I am awake or asleep, and if the city of Fez and the city of Paris really are on the same planet. We enter a bazaar; everywhere the same crowd. The shops, like those in Tangier, are caves dug out of the walls. The money-changers sit on the ground though, with heaps of coins lying before them. We walk through the stuff bazaar, the crowd pushing against us on all sides; the slipper, earthenware, metal ornament bazaars forming,

all of them together, a labyrinth of tortuous streets covered by a ruinous roof of cane and tree-branches. Then we visit the vegetable market, crowded with women, who lift their arms in the air and curse us; and then, turning our backs upon the central part of the city, we again find ourselves amid steep winding streets, covered alleys, dark passage-ways, mosques, fountains, arched doorways, the whir of mills, the noise of nasal voices, women who run to hide themselves, sickening filth, choking dust, until at length, issuing from one of the gates, we start to walk around the outside of the walls. The city is built in a great figure eight, winding around two hills, on whose summits tower the ruins of a couple of ancient square fortresses; beyond the hills rise a circle of mountains, and the River of Pearls divides the city in two, new Fez lying on the left and old Fez on the right bank, while a line of ancient battlemented walls and large towers of dark-colored stucco, ruined in many places, encircles the whole.

From the heights a view is obtained of the entire city, a myriad of white houses crowned by terraces, above which rise charming minarets decorated with mosaics, gigantic palms, masses of verdure, little battlemented towers and small green domes. At the first glance we realize the great size of the ancient metropolis, of which the present city is merely the skeleton. In the neighborhood of the gates, and on the heights for a long distance, the country is strewn

with tombs and ruins; *kubbas*, saints' houses, *zaouias*, arches of aqueducts, sepulchres, huge foundations, fragments of buildings, which look like the remains of a place devastated by cannon and devoured by flames. The ground lying between the city and the higher of the two hills which flank it, is all laid out in gardens, a thick tangled wood of mulberries, olives, palms, fruit-trees and enormous poplars clothed in luxuriant foliage and overrun with vines, in whose midst fountains play, rivulets wind in and out, and little canals gleam between lofty banks covered with grass and flowers. The opposite height is crowned with thousands of aloes twice a man's height. Along the walls lie great deposits of earth, deep ditches and masses of vegetation, shattered fragments of bastions and crumbling towers, a jumble of ruins and foliage, both awe-inspiring and mournful, recalling the most picturesque portions of the walls of Constantinople. We pass by the Ghisa Gate, the Iron Gate, the Gate of the Father of Leather-dressers, the New Gate, the Burned Gate, the Gate that Opens, the Gate of the Lion, the Sidi Buxida Gate, the Gate of the Father of Utility, and enter the new town through the Butter Niche Gate. Here we find large gardens, vast open spaces, wide squares surrounded by battlemented walls, beyond which again are other squares and other walls, and arched gateways, and towers and bridges, and beautiful distant views of hill and mountain. Some of the gates are very lofty,

Entrance to Jews' Quarter, Fez.



with iron framework, and all are studded with enormous nails. As we approach the River of Pearls we pass a decomposed horse lying in the middle of the street; farther on, beneath the walls, a hundred or more Arab laundry-men are jumping up and down on heaps of clothes piled along the bank. We meet patrols of soldiers, court personages on horseback, small processions of camels, groups of country-women with children on their backs, who cover their faces as they pass, and at last we see some smiling, friendly countenances; these are in the Mellà, the Jews' quarter, where we are accorded a really triumphant reception. The population presses out onto balconies and through doorways, comes down into the street, calls one another, runs out of all the lanes and byways. Long-haired men with handkerchiefs tied under their chins like old women, and wrapped in their sweeping garments, bow low with polite smiles; the women, very fair skinned and plump, dressed in green and red stuffs embroidered and braided in gold, wish us *buenos dias*, and say a thousand friendly things with their brilliant black eyes; some of the children run up to kiss our hands. In order to escape from this ovation, as well as from the extreme filth, we take a cross-street, which brings us out on a field covered with large tombs built of masonry in the form of parallelopipeds, white as snow, which we are informed is the Jewish cemetery. From thence we re-enter the city, and after another mile's tramp

through dirty, winding streets, boiled by the sun, the object of lowering glances and muttered curses from thousands of eyes and lips, we at last, with whirling brains and aching bones, reach the palace of the ambassador.

"O Fez!" says an Arabian historian, "all the beauty of the world is found in thee!" and he proceeds to record how Fez has ever been the seat of all wisdom and science, of peace and of religion; the mother and queen of all the cities of the Moghreb; that her inhabitants are endowed with the most acute and profound intellects of any of the dwellers in Morocco; that everything in and about her is peculiarly blessed of God, even the water of the River of Pearls, which cures gravel, softens the skin, perfumes the clothing, destroys insects, renders the pleasures of the senses sweeter (if it be drunk fasting), and contains precious stones of inestimable value. And no less poetically do the Arabian writers tell the story of its founding. When, towards the close of the eighth century, the Abbasides split into two parties, a prince of the vanquished side, Edris-ben-Abdallah, took refuge in Moghreb, at a spot not far distant from where the city of Fez now stands. Here he dwelt alone, passing his time in prayer and meditation, until in the course of time his illustrious origin and holy life brought him such renown among the Berbers of that district that they elected him their chief. Little by little, by force of arms and the influence and

authority exerted by a descendant of Ali and Fathma, he succeded in extending his dominions over a large part of the country, converting idolators, Christians and Jews to Islamism by force. At length he became so powerful that he aroused the jealousy of Harûn al Rashìd, the Calif of the East, who caused him to be poisoned by a pretended physician, in the hope that with him would die his infant Empire. But the people of Barbary accorded Edris a solemn burial, and recognized his posthumous son, Edris-ebn-Edris, as their ruler. The new Calif mounted the throne at the age of twelve, consolidated and extended his father's dominion, and may rightfully be called the founder of the Empire of Morocco, which, until the close of the tenth century, remained in the hands of his dynasty. It was this self-same Edris who laid the first foundations of Fez on the 3d of February, 808, "in a valley lying between two lofty mountains, covered with luxuriant woods, watered by a thousand streams, and situated on the right bank of the River of Pearls." Tradition gives various explanations of the name. When digging the foundations the workmen found a great axe (the Arabic for which is Fez) weighing sixty pounds, and the city took its name from this circumstance; so says one legend. Another states that Edris worked with the laborers himself on the foundations, and that in token of gratitude they presented him with an axe made of silver and gold, and that, wishing to perpetuate the memory of this

act of homage, he had called the city Fez. According to still another account, the Calif's secretary asked his master what name he proposed giving the new city. "The name," replied Edris, "of the first person whom we meet." Presently they met a man and asked him his name. It was Farès, but as the man stammered, it sounded like Fez, and consequently the city was called that. Others, again, say that there was once a large city situated on the bank of the River of Pearls named Zef, which, after existing eighteen hundred years, was destroyed before Islamism shone upon the earth, and that Edris simply reversed the letters Zef and made Fez. However all this may be, it is certain that the new capital grew rapidly, and by the beginning of the tenth century already rivalled Bagdad in splendor, embracing within its walls the mosques of Karaouin and of Edris—both having been previously in existence—the one the largest and the other the most highly venerated mosque in all Africa, and was termed the Mecca of the West. Towards the middle of the eleventh century Gregory IX. established an Episcopal See there. Under the Almohadean dynasty it had thirty suburbs, eight hundred mosques, ninety thousand houses, ten thousand shops, eighty-six gates, vast hospitals, magnificent baths, a large library, enriched with many precious Greek and Latin manuscripts, schools of philosophy, physics, astronomy and the languages, to which scholars crowded from all over

Europe and the East. It was called the Athens of Africa, and during one period was the scene of a perpetual fair, to which were brought the products of three continents. European commerce had its bazaars and inns, and what between Moors, Arabs, Berbers, Jews, negroes, Turks, Christians and renegades, there was a flourishing population, numbering five hundred thousand. And now how changed it all is! Almost all the gardens have disappeared, the greater part of the Mosques are in ruins, of that great library nothing is left but a few worm-eaten volumes; the schools have died out, commerce languishes, the buildings are falling to pieces and the population is reduced to considerably less than one-fifth of what it once was. Fez is now merely the enormous carcass of an abandoned metropolis, lying in the midst of the great cemetery of Morocco. Our greatest desire, after that preliminary walk through Fez, was to visit the two famous mosques—Karaouin and Mulai Edris—but we were obliged to content ourselves with what we could see of them from the street, as Christians are not permitted to enter them. They have doors decorated with mosaics, arched court-yards and long, low naves, divided by forests of columns and bathed in mysterious light. But it must not be supposed that these mosques are the same to-day as at the time of their great celebrity, since the famous historian, Abd-er-Rahman ebn-Khaldoum, writing in the fifteenth century of the El Karaouin—"May God ennoble it more

and more," as he says—refers to a number of decorations which, even in his day, no longer existed. The foundations of this enormous building were laid on the first Saturday of Ramazan, in the year of our Lord 859, at the expense of a pious Kairuan woman. At first it was a small mosque, with but four naves, but was enlarged and embellished by successive Governors, Emirs and Sultans. Upon the summit of the dome, erected by Imam Ahmed ben Abey Bekir, there glittered a golden ball, studded with pearls and precious stones, containing the sword of Edris-ebn-Edris, the founder of Fez. The walls of the interior were hung with talismans to protect them from rats, scorpions and serpents. The Mihrab—the niche which indicates the direction of Mecca—was so magnificent that the Imams were obliged to have it whitewashed, so that it should not distract the faithful from their prayers. There was an ebony pulpit, inlaid with ivory and gems; two hundred and seventy columns divided the interior into sixteen naves, each having twenty-one arches; fifteen large entrance doors were provided for the men, and two small ones for the women; the interior was lighted by seven hundred lamps, which, on the twenty-seventh night of Ramazan, consumed three and a half quintals of oil. All of which particulars the historian Khaldoum recounts with many expressions of wonder and delight, adding that naves, court-yards, galleries, vestibules and thresholds, all measured foot by foot, the

mosque was capable of containing twenty-two thousand seven hundred persons, and that, in order to pave the court-yard alone, fifty-two thousand bricks were employed. "Glory to Allah, Lord of the whole earth, exceedingly merciful and King of the final judgment day."

While waiting for the Sultan to fix a date for our state reception, we made various excursions, in the course of one of which I received "an impression," which to me, at least, was entirely new. We were approaching the Burnt Gate. *Bab-el-Maroc*, on our way back to the city, when the vice-consul suddenly gave an exclamation that made me shudder.

"Two heads!" said he; and glancing at the wall in front of us I saw, sure enough, two long streaks of blood, but could not make up my mind to look higher. They told me that the heads were suspended by their hair over the gate, one apparently that of a youth of fifteen or so, the other of a man of twenty-five or thirty, both Moors. We learned further that they had been placed there during the night, the statement being that they belonged to two rebels from the district adjoining Algeria and had been brought from thence to Fez, but the dripping blood made it seem far more probable that the execution had taken place in the city, possibly before that very gate. However that may be, we learned, in this connection, that it is customary to send the heads of rebels from the provinces in revolt to the seat of government.

After they have been viewed by the Sultan, the imperial soldiers lay hands on the first negro they happen to meet and make him remove the brains, filling the skull with tow and salt. This done, the heads are suspended over one of the city gates, and after hanging for several days, say at Fez, are taken down, placed in a basket and dispatched by a courier to Mequinez. When they have been duly exhibited there they are sent on to Rabât, and so on from one place to another until decomposition sets in. It seems, however, that this course was not followed in the case of the two heads of the Bab-el-Maroc. Since, seeing the next day that they had disappeared, when we asked an Arab servant what had become of them he replied, with a gesture, "Buried," but hastened to add, consolingly, that "a great many more were on their way."

Two days before the state reception we were invited to breakfast by Síd Músa. This personage is not entitled Grand Vizier nor minister, nor yet secretary; he is simply called Síd Músa. He was born a slave and freed by the Sultan, who may, should he so choose, seize everything he possesses to-morrow, throw him into prison, or suspend his head from the battlements of Fez without being called to account by anyone. At the same time, however, Síd Músa is the minister of ministers, the soul of the government, the mind that embraces and controls everything from the ocean to the Molouia and from the Mediterranean to

An Interior.



the desert, and, next to the Sultan, is the most famous personage in the Empire. It can readily be imagined then, with what intense curiosity we set forth one morning, surrounded, as usual, by armed guards, and accompanied by the Kaïd and the interpreters, to repair to his house, situated in New Fez.

We were received at the door by a crowd of Arab and negro servants, and entering a garden, inclosed between high walls, saw our host awaiting us in a small doorway at the further end, surrounded by his officers, all dressed in white. The celebrated minister extended both hands to the ambassador with a quick movement, bowed smilingly to us and led the way into a small room on the ground-floor, where we all sat down. What an extraordinary-looking individual he was! For the first few minutes we could not keep our astonished gaze off him. He was about sixty years old, a mulatto, nearly black, of medium height, with a huge, oblong head; brilliant eyes which shot piercing glances in every direction; a large, hooked nose; a wide mouth, furnished with two rows of big, white teeth; and an enormous chin; yet, accompanying these fierce features a kindly smile, benign expression, and a manner and tone of voice that might be termed courteous. However, those who really know the Moors affirm that with no other people is one so likely to be deceived by appearances as with them. It was not, though, the soul of this man that I would have liked to investigate, but his brain.

It is pretty certain that I would not have found much theology there, perhaps none at all beyond a few pages of the Koran, and then a few periods of the history of the Empire, a few vague ideas of the geography of the chief countries of Europe, a few principles of astronomy, a few rules of arithmetic. But to make up for this meagre array what profound insight into the human heart! What quickness of perception! What subtle tact! What a mass of information concerning affairs hopelessly removed from all our habits and customs! How many curious secrets of the royal palace! And who knows what strange medley of reminiscences of love and suffering, of intrigues, of all manner of wonderful and horrible things! And there may well have been concealed likewise beneath that white turban an estimate of European civilization as compared with that of Morocco not so very different from our own, so that, had he expressed what he really thought, it might have run thus: "Eh, gentlemen! I know it all better than you do yourselves." An admission, however, not likely to escape from the imprisoning folds of that turban. The apartment in which we were seated was, for a Moorish house, sumptuously furnished, since it contained a sofa, a small table, a mirror and several chairs. The walls were hung with red and green stuffs, the ceiling painted, the floor made of mosaic; but it was nothing wonderful for the residence of a minister as wealthy as Síd Músa.

After the usual interchange of compliments we were escorted to the dining-room, situated on the other side of the garden, Síd Músa, according to his custom, not accompanying us. This room, like the other, was decorated with red and green hangings; in one corner stood a cupboard, on top of which were two old bunches of artificial flowers under glass cases, and one of those little looking-glasses, with painted frames, such as are always to be found in our village inns. On the table were about twenty dishes, filled with large white sugar-plums, shaped like balls and carobs; the china and other appointments of the table were beautiful, and it was furnished with a great many bottles of water, but there was not so much as a drop of wine. We took our places, and were served at once. Twenty-eight courses, not counting the sweetmeats! Twenty-eight huge dishes—any one of which would have sufficed to feed twenty hungry men—of all shapes, of all smells, of all flavors; enormous pieces of roast mutton, chicken à la pomatum, game à la wax, fish à la cosmetic, liver à la suet, tarts dressed with tallow, vegetables swimming in grease, eggs conserved in cold cream, salad minced, pounded, kneaded and pressed into mosaic work; sweetmeats, one mouthful of which ought to atone for the commission of a bloody crime; and, to wash down all these dainties, big glasses of cold water, into which, however, we squeezed lemons, brought for the purpose in our pockets. Then came cups of very sweet tea,

like julep; and finally a crowd of servants poured into the room and inundated us, the table and the walls with rose-water. Such was Síd Músa's breakfast.

When we arose from table an officer came to inform the ambassador that our host was then engaged in saying his prayers, but that so soon as these were concluded he would take great pleasure in conferring with his guests. Immediately after this a trembling old man made his appearance, supported between a couple of Moors, who grasped the ambassador's two hands and shook them violently, exclaiming, excitedly:

"Welcome, welcome, welcome to the ambassador of the King of Italy. Welcome among us; a great day for us!"

This individual was the Grand Sherif Bakali, one of the most influential persons about the court, as well as richest landowners in the Empire. He was the Sultan's confidant, and the owner of a large harem, and although ill for the past two years with dyspepsia was said to possess the power of diverting his lord, when the latter felt dull, with his witty sayings and comical gestures, a faculty which one would certainly not have suspected from his fierce countenance and abrupt manner. After him appeared Síd Músa's two sons, one of whose faces I have completely forgotten, as he vanished again immediately after the first greetings. The other was a very handsome young man, of twenty-five, private secretary to the Sultan, with

a feminine face and large brown eyes of indescribable sweetness. Lively, self-possessed and restless, he kept continually stroking the ample folds of his orange-colored caftan with both hands throughout the entire interview. When Bakali and the ambassador had withdrawn some of the officers remained, seated on the ground, while the Sultan's secretary occupied a chair in our honor. This prepossessing young gentleman at once started a conversation, which was carried on by means of Mohammed Ducali. Fixing his eyes upon Ussi he inquired, in a low tone, who he was.

"That," replied Ducali, "is Signor Ussi, a great master of painting."

"Does he paint with a machine?" asked the young man, meaning a photographic camera.

"No," answered the interpreter, "he paints by hand."

He seemed to murmur "What a pity" to himself, and after thinking about it for a few minutes added that he had inquired "because with the machine the work is so much more exact."

The commander begged Ducali to inquire the whereabouts of a certain fountain named Ghalù, after a thief whom Edris, the founder of the city, had caused to be hung on a neighboring tree. The young secretary seemed greatly astonished at the commander's familiarity with this historic incident, and asked how he happened to have heard it.

"I read the account in Khaldoum's History," replied the commander.

"In Khaldoum's History!" exclaimed the other. "You have read Khaldoum's History? Then, of course, you understand Arabic. And where did you come across this history?"

The commander explained that it was to be found in all of our cities, being, in fact, a very well-known book in Europe, and that it had been translated into English, French and German.

"Really!" exclaimed the ingenuous youth. "And you have all read it, and are familiar with all these things? I would never have imagined such a thing," and he could not recover from his astonishment.

Little by little the conversation became more lively, the officers joined in, and we succeeded in learning a number of interesting facts. We were told, for instance, that the English ambassador had presented the Sultan with two telegraphic machines, and had instructed a number of persons about the court in the art of using them. They were, indeed, in operation then, not, of course, in public, since the sight of those mysterious wires would, no doubt, cause a riot, but in the interior of the imperial palace, and it was hardly necessary to say whether this wonderful discovery had astonished everyone or no, although not altogether to the extent one might have expected, since from the descriptions they had previously heard everyone, the Sultan included, had supposed it to be

something still more astounding. They believed, that is, that the thought was not conveyed by means of letters and words, but instantaneously, all at once, so that it was only necessary to give a single touch and whatever you wished to say was literally transmitted. They admitted, however, that the invention was most ingenious, and that it might be of great use, especially in our countries, where there were so many people and so much traffic that everything must be done in a hurry, which meant, in other words, "What would we do with a telegraphic system? And to what condition would our Government be reduced if we were obliged to reply at once and in a few words to the demands of foreign representatives, thus being deprived forever of our prime excuse the delay, and our never-failing pretext, the miscarriage of letters, thanks to which we are now enabled to let a matter drag on for two months which might easily be settled in a couple of days." Then they told us, or rather gave us to understand, that the Sultan was a man of mild disposition and kind heart; that he lived simply, loved but one woman, eat without a fork, like all his subjects, seated on the ground, but with the dishes placed upon a little gilded table about a foot high; that before he became Sultan he used to practice the *lab-el-barôd* with his soldiers, being one of the best trained among them; that he liked work, and frequently did things himself that his servants should have done for him, even to packing his own clothing

when going on a journey; and finally that his people loved him, but feared him too, knowing full well that should a serious revolt break out he would be the very first to leap on his horse and dash off, sword in hand, to meet the rebels. But how agreeably did they talk of all these things! and with what charming smiles and gestures! It was a world of pities that we could not understand that glowing figurative language, and were not able to investigate at our leisure that ingenuous ignorance. After two hours had elapsed the ambassador reappeared, accompanied by Síd Músa, the Grand Sherif and all the other officials, and there was a tremendous interchange of handshakings, smiles, bows, salutations and ceremonies, as though we were all engaged in executing a fancy dance; and finally, after passing between two long lines of curious servants, we took our leave. As we passed out we caught a glimpse, at one of the grated windows on the ground-floor, of about a dozen tousled and be-diademed heads—black, white and mulatto—which, the instant they saw us looking, disappeared with a great noise of pattering slippers and trailing skirts.

From the day we set out Sultan Mulai Hassan had been, as may readily be supposed, the chief object of our curiosity. There were grand rejoicings, therefore, when the ambassador announced one evening that our formal reception was to take place on the following day. In all my life I have never smoothed

Ministers of the Sultan.



out the creases of my waistcoat nor adjusted the springs of my opera hat with feelings of more profound satisfaction than on that occasion. This intense curiosity arose in part from what we knew of the history of the dynasty. We wanted to look upon the face of one member of that terrible Sherifian family of the Filali to whom historians give the palm for fanaticism, ferocity and cruelty over every other dynasty that has held sway in Morocco. At the beginning of the seventeenth century some inhabitants of the province of Tafilalt, which borders on the desert (hence the name of Filali), brought back with them from Mecca a Sherif named Ali, a native of Yembo and descendant of Mohammed through Hassan, second son of Ali and Fathma. Soon after his arrival the climate resumed its wonted regularity, which for some time had been interrupted, and dates flourished in great abundance; the credit of this being given to Ali, he was elected king, with the title of Mulai Sherif. His descendants gradually enlarged, by force of arms, the dominions governed by their ancestors, mastered Morocco and Fez, hunted down the dynasty of the Sherifian Saïds, and reign to this day over all the territory lying between the Molouia, the desert and the sea. Sidi Mohammed, son of Mulai Sherif, governed with wise clemency, but after him the throne of the Sherifs was bathed in blood. El Reshid ruled by intimidation, took upon himself the office of executioner, and with his own hands cut

off women's breasts in order to make them divulge the hiding-place of their husband's treasures. Mulai Ismael, that voluptuous prince who was the lover of no less than eight thousand women and father of twelve hundred children, founded the famous corps of the Black Guard, and sent to demand the hand of the daughter of the Duchess de la Valliere in marriage of Louis XIV. During his reign as many as ten thousand heads were suspended from the battlements of Morocco and Fez. Mulai Ahmed el Dehebi, miser and glutton, stole the jewels belonging to his father's wives, besotted himself with wine, had the teeth of the beauties of his harem drawn out, and cut off the head of a slave who had pressed down the tobacco in his pipe too hard. Mulai Abdallah, vanquished by the Berbers, vented his rage upon the inhabitants of Mequinez by cutting their throats, assisted the executioner to behead the officers of his brave, defeated army, and originated the horrible punishment of sewing a living man into the disemboweled body of a bull that they might rot together. His son, Sidi Mohammed, seems to have been superior to others of his race, since he surrounded himself with renegade Christians, endeavored to establish peace, and introduced closer relations between Morocco and Europe. Next came Mulai Yezid, violent, cruel and fanatical, who, in lieu of paying his soldiers wages, gave them permission to sack the Jewish quarters of every city in the Empire. He was fol-

lowed by Mulai Heshiam, who, after reigning only a few days, withdrew to pass the remainder of his life in a sanctuary, and Mulai Soliman, who broke up piracy, and made a great show of friendship with Europe, but at the same time artfully cut off all intercourse between Morocco and the civilized world, and had the heads of renegade Jews, who had dared to raise a voice of lamentation over their forced abjuration, heaped at the foot of his throne. Then came Abd-er-Rhaman, the conqueror of Isly, who caused conspirators to be bricked alive into the walls of Fez, and finally, Sidi Mohammed, the victor of Tetuan, who, in order to instil a proper feeling of affection and respect in the hearts of his people, had the heads of his enemies borne through the towns and *duars* stuck on the bayonets of his soldiers. Nor do these comprise the worst of the miseries which have afflicted the Empire under the miserable Filali dynasty. There have been wars with Spain, Portugal, Holland, England, France and the Algerian Turks; bloody insurrections among the Berbers; disastrous expeditions into the Soudan; revolts of fanatical tribes; mutinies of the Black Guard; persecutions of the Christians; furious wars of succession waged between father and son, uncle and nephew, brother and brother. From time to time the Empire has been torn in pieces, and once more reunited; Sultans have been discrowned five times, and five times reinstated on the throne; there have been inhuman acts

of vengeance perpetrated upon one another by princes of the same blood; female jealousies, horrible crimes, widespread misery and a rapid return to the barbarism of former times, and through it all the triumph of one dominant principle—the belief that since civilization can only be established upon the ruins of every political and religious institution of the Prophet, ignorance constitutes the Empire's surest safeguard and barbarism is an essential element of its life. The foregoing is a slight sketch of the historical halo with which we, in fancy, surrounded the youthful Sultan, before whom we were about to appear.

By eight o'clock in the morning the ambassador, the vice-consul, Signor Morteo, the commander and the captain, arrayed in gorgeous uniforms, were already assembled in the court-yard, surrounded by a throng of soldiers, the Kaïd among them, attired in gala dress, while the two artists, the doctor and I, all four clad in dress-coats, high-hats and white neckties, were actually afraid to venture out of our room, dreading the effect that our singular attire, the like of which had probably never before been seen in Fez, would produce upon the bystanders. "You go first." "No, after you." "Not at all, it is your place," and so for a full quarter of an hour we hung about that door, each one trying to push the other ahead, until, at length, the doctor sagely observing, "Union is strength," we made a simultaneous rush, keeping close together, with our heads hanging and hair over

Sultan Coming out of the Kasbah.



orders from the Sultan himself to make us stand on a certain spot, his ladies having begged to be allowed to see the Christians. What a pity it is that we could not have had the benefit of their comments on our high-hats and swallow-tail coats!

The sun was burning hot, and throughout the vast inclosure the most profound silence reigned, while every eye was turned in one direction. I think that my companions' hearts as well as mine must have been beating harder than usual. We waited for nearly ten minutes; then a quick movement ran through the troops. There was a sound of music, the trumpets blared, the court officials bent low, the guards, grooms and soldiers dropped on one knee, and from every throat there issued a prolonged and deafening shout, "God save our lord!" The Sultan was advancing towards us on horseback and surrounded by a throng of courtiers on foot, one of whom held an enormous parasol over his head. When he came to within a few feet of the ambassador he halted, a part of his suite closed in the hollow square and the others stood surrounding him. The master of ceremonies, with the staff, now announced in a loud voice, "The Italian ambassador," and the ambassador, accompanied by his interpreter, advanced bare-headed towards the Sultan, who said, in Arabic, "Welcome, welcome, welcome," and then inquired if we had had a pleasant journey, and been satisfied with the escort and the receptions accorded us by the

various Governors. Of all this, however, we heard nothing, having been completely enthralled from the very first moment. This Sultan, whom our imaginations had pictured under the guise of a cruel and savage despot, was the handsomest, most attractive young man who ever won an odalisque's heart. He was tall, active, with large, soft eyes, a fine aquiline nose, dark, oval face and short, black beard. His expression was at once noble and melancholy. A white *haïk* enveloped him from head to foot, the peaked hood being drawn over his turban, and his bare feet were thrust into yellow slippers. The large and entirely white horse he rode had green housings, and the stirrups were of gold. All this whiteness and the long, full cloak lent him something of a sacerdotal air, as well as of royal dignity and a simple kindly majesty that corresponded admirably with the gentle expression of his countenance. The parasol, carried in sign of command, which a courtier held tilted a little back over his head, was large and round, lined with pale lilac, covered with light-blue silk embroidered in gold and surmounted by a large gold ball, and only added to the charm and dignity of his appearance. His graceful bearing, his expression, half-melancholy, half-smiling; his subdued, even voice, sounding like the murmur of a brook; in short his entire appearance and manner had a something ingenuous and feminine, and yet, at the same time, a solemnity that aroused instinctive admiration as well

as profound respect. He did not look to be more than twenty-two or three years old.

"I am well pleased," he said, "that the King of Italy has sent his ambassador to knit still closer the cords of our ancient friendship. The House of Savoy has never made war with Morocco. I love the House of Savoy, and have followed with pleasure and admiration the great events which have transpired in Italy under its auspices. In the days of ancient Rome Italy was the greatest country in the world; then it was divided into seven states. My forefathers were friends of all those seven states, and I, now that the entire seven have been united in one, have concentrated upon that one the friendship which my ancestors felt for all."

He pronounced these words slowly, with pauses between, as though the entire speech had been committed to memory, and it required some effort to recall it. Among other things the ambassador told him that the King of Italy had sent him his portrait.

"It is a precious gift," replied the Sultan. "I will have it hung in my sleeping-room, opposite a mirror upon which my eyes rest as soon as I open them, and thus every morning, barely awake, I will see before me the image of the King of Italy, and will think of him," and he presently added, "I am much pleased, and I wish you to stay a long time in Fez, and hope that you will preserve a pleasant memory of it when you return to your beautiful country."

As he talked he kept his eyes fixed almost all the time on his horse's head; sometimes he looked as though he wanted to smile, but would promptly frown instead, as though endeavoring to recall a proper expression of imperial dignity to his features. It was easy to see that he was curious as to what manner of men were those seven standing not ten feet away from his horse. Not caring, however, to look directly at us, he turned his eyes very gradually our way, and then all at once included us all in a rapid glance, in which could be detected an indefinable look of childish amusement, which contrasted charmingly with the majesty of his person. The crowd of courtiers, standing on either side of and behind him seemed to have been turned to stone. Every eye was fastened upon that one central figure; not a breath could be heard; nothing was to be seen but immovable faces and attitudes of profound veneration. Two Moors kept the flies from his feet with trembling hands; another brushed from time to time the hem of his cloak, as though to purify it from contact with the very air; a third, with a gesture of religious awe, stroked the horse's back; while he who held the parasol stood with eyes bent on the ground, immovable as a statue, almost as though he were dismayed by the magnitude of his office. All the surroundings bore witness to the enormous power, the immense distance, that separate this man from everyone else, to the absolute submission, fanatical devotion and

passionate savage love that seems to ask no more than to give proof of itself with blood. He appeared not so much a monarch as a god.

The ambassador produced his credentials, and then presented the commander, the captain and the vice-consul in turn, each of whom advanced and remained some moments before the Sultan in an attitude of respect. He observed the commander's decorations with particular interest.

"The doctor," said the ambassador, indicating us four, "and three *scientists*."

My eyes encountered those of the god, and all the phrases of this description which had already begun to take form in my head became suddenly mixed up together.

The Sultan asked, with some show of curiosity, which one was the doctor. "He on the right," replied the interpreter. He looked at him attentively, then said, with a graceful gesture of his right hand, "Peace be with you! Peace be with you! Peace be with you!" and turned his horse. The band struck up, the trumpets sounded, the courtiers bowed their heads, the guards, soldiers and servants fell on one knee, and once more from all those throats arose the resounding cry, "God save our lord!"

No sooner had the Sultan disappeared than the two ranks of lofty personages broke up, and Síd Músa, his sons and officers, the Minister of War, the Minister of Finance, the Grand Sherif Bakali, the

Grand-Master-of-Ceremonies and all the other great men of the court advanced towards us, smiling and gesticulating in sign of congratulation, and Síd Músa having invited the ambassador to rest in one of the Sultan's gardens, we all presently remounted, crossed the square, filed down that mysterious little street, and entered the august domains of his imperial highness's residence. Narrow streets flanked by lofty walls, little square court-yards, houses in ruins, houses in process of construction, arched doorways, corridors, little gardens, small mosques, a labyrinth to make one's head swim, and in every direction busy workmen, throngs of soldiers, armed sentinels, and sometimes the face of a female slave peering out from behind a grated window or through the crack of a door. And that was all—not one imposing building or anything else except the pleasure-grounds to suggest the abode of a monarch. We entered a large, neglected garden, filled with shady walks crossing each other at right angles, and shut in by high walls like a convent enclosure. After resting here for a little while we returned home, the doctor, the two artists and I causing great hilarity along the route by reason of our dress-coats, and great terror with our opera hats.

For the rest of that day no one could talk of anything but the Sultan. We had all fallen in love with him Ussi made a hundred attempts to sketch his face, throwing away his pencil each time in despair.

One and all pronounced him to be the handsomest and most charming of Mohammedan rulers, and in order that this verdict might be a truly national affair we determined to see what the two sailors and the cook might have to say on the subject. The last, from whom all the sights of Tangier and Fez had up to this moment elicited only a smile of profound commiseration, showed himself liberal-minded as regarded the Emperor.

"*A l'è un bel omm,*" said he, "*a i l'nen a düe* (he is a handsome man, there are no two ways about it), but he ought to travel, go somewhere, where he could learn something." This "somewhere" naturally meaning Turin. Luigi the caulker, although a Neapolitan, was more concise. Asked what he had noticed most especially about the Emperor, he looked thoughtful, and presently replied, with a smile, "I noticed that what this country seems to need most is a king who wears stockings." But Ranni was the most comical. "What did you think of the Sultan?" asked the commander. "I thought," said he frankly, and with the utmost seriousness, "that he seemed afraid." "Afraid!" echoed the commander, "and of whom?" "Of us. Did you not notice how pale he got, and how his breath nearly gave out?" "You are crazy. Do you suppose that, surrounded by his guards and his army, he was afraid of us?" "Well, it seemed so to me," answered Ranni, imperturbably. The commander regarded him steadily, and at last

clasped both hands to his head in an attitude of complete discouragement.

That evening two Moors visited the palace escorted by Selam; they had heard wonderful tales of our opera hats, and had come to see for themselves. I got mine and opened it before their eyes, and both of them peered inside with the utmost curiosity, expecting doubtless to find some complicated arrangement of wheels and hinges. Seeing nothing at all, they probably took this as an additional proof of the superstition current among Moors of the lower classes, namely, that there is something diabolic about everything belonging to a Christian. "But there is nothing there!" they exclaimed in a breath. "That," replied I, by means of Selam, "is precisely where the remarkable part of these supernatural hats lies; they do what they do without the aid of machinery!" Selam laughed, suspecting the joke, and then I set myself to work to explain the hidden mechanism, but it seemed to me that they understood very little about it. As they were leaving they asked if Christians wore those springs on their heads "for fun." "And you?" I said to Selam, "what do you think of them?" "Why this," replied he, with an air of lofty disdain, and laying one finger on the much-talked-of hat: "if I had to live in your country a hundred years, perhaps little by little I might come to adopt your style of dress, the shoes, the necktie, even those ugly colors you are so fond of; but that thing! that horrible,

black object! Ah, God is my witness, I had rather die." At this point my Fez journal begins and covers the period that elapsed between the Emperor's reception and our departure for Mequinez.

MAY 20TH.

To-day the chief intendant of the palace privately handed over the terrace keys to us, begging us at the same time, most earnestly, to do nothing imprudent. It appears that he had received orders not to decline to give them to us, but to do so only on being asked, because in Fez, as well as in all other Moorish cities, the terraces belong to the women, and are considered almost like adjuncts to the harems. Mounting to this one, we found it to be very large and screened by a wall more than the height of a man, in which were some windows constructed like loop-holes. The palace, very lofty itself, stands upon an eminence, so that we commanded a view of thousands of other white terraces lying below us, the hills which surround the city, the distant mountains, and directly beneath a little garden, from whose midst an enormous palm-tree rose by almost a third of its height above the surrounding buildings. Peering through the windows, we seemed to have been suddenly transported to another world. All the terraces far and near were filled with women, multitudes of them, who, judging from their dress, appeared, for the most part, to belong to the higher classes; ladies, in short, if that word can be correctly applied to Moorish women.

Some were seated on the parapets; others walked up and down; others, with the agility of squirrels, jumped from one terrace to another, hiding, reappearing, sprinkling one another with water, and laughing like maniacs, while more than one had adopted an attitude which would certainly have been altered could she have known that a man's eye was upon her. There were old women, young girls, children of eight and ten years, all clad in garments of strange device and vivid colors. Most of them wore their hair hanging down their backs, and red or green silk handkerchiefs tied about their heads like bandages. Their costume consisted of a sort of wide-sleeved caftan of some brilliant hue, confined at the waist by a blue or vermilion belt, a little velvet jacket open in front, trousers, yellow slippers, and large silver rings fastened just above the ankle. The servants and slaves were dressed in simple tunics. Only one of these "ladies" was close enough for us to distinguish her features. This was a woman of about thirty, arrayed in gala dress, who stood with her head resting on her hand, gazing down into the garden below from a terrace not more than a stone's thrown from our own. We looked at her through the glass. Ye gods, what painting! Antimony, black under the eyes, red on the cheeks, white on the neck, henné on the nails, she looked like a painter's pallet; but with it all, and notwithstanding her thirty years, she was pretty; a full face, languid, almond-shaped eyes,



shaded by long lashes, a little nose slightly turned up at the end, a small mouth, "round," as the Moorish poets would say, "as a ring," and the form of a sylph, the soft curves set off by the clinging folds of her attire. She seemed to be sad, possibly by reason of the introduction but a few days before of a fourth wife into the harem—a girl of fourteen, whose triumph was already foreshadowed in the cold embraces of her husband. Now and then she would regard her hand, her arm, the locks of hair falling across her breast, and sigh. Presently the sound of our voices must have reached her, for looking up as though suspecting that she was being watched, she sprang with the ease of an acrobat upon the parapet, and, jumping lightly on to the terrace below, disappeared. In order to get a better view we sent for a chair, and tossed up for the privilege of using it first. I won, and placing it close to the wall, I mounted and stood head and shoulders above the top. It was as though a new star had appeared in the Fez firmament, if I may be excused so presumptuous a comparison. Those on the nearer terraces caught sight of me immediately and ran away, then promptly reappeared and passed the word on to their neighbors. In a few minutes the news had spread over half the city, curious heads appeared in all directions, and I felt as though I were in a pillory; but the beauty of the scene kept me firm at my post. Hundreds of women and children, dressed in the most brilliant colors, were

standing on the parapets, the little turrets, the outside stairs, with faces all turned towards me; from those so close at hand that I could see their astonished expression to those so far away that they looked like mere white, green and vermilion specks. Some of the terraces were so crowded as to present the appearance of flower-beds, and through them all there ran a stir and commotion, a coming and going and a vast amount of gesticulation, as though they were witnessing some celestial phenomenon. Not to put the entire city in an uproar I presently set—that is, got down from the chair—and for a few moments no one took my place. Then Biseo placed himself in the pillory, and in his turn was made the target for a thousand eyes. All at once, however, the occupants of one of the more distant terraces turned their backs and flew over to the opposite end, then those on another terrace did the same, and so on one after another all down a long row of houses. At first we could not imagine what had happened, but the vice-consul presently hit upon the solution. "A great event," said he; "the commander and the captain are no doubt passing along the streets of Fez." And sure enough, before long the red uniforms of the soldiers of the escort appeared upon a neighboring hillside, and by using the glass we could make out the two officers on horseback in their midst. Another excitement on the terraces presently announced the passage of another party of Italians in the street be-

low, and ten minutes later we saw Ussi's Egyptian *cuffia* gleaming from an opposite elevation, and beside it Morteo's English hat. After this final distraction the public attention became once more riveted upon us, and we should have remained longer to enjoy it to the full had not five or six little imps of slaves, thirteen or fourteen years of age, begun to stare and laugh at us so impudently that for the sake of Christian decorum we were obliged to deprive the fair sex of the metropolis of any further sight of our wonderful presence.

Yesterday we dined with the Grand Vizier, Taib Ben Jamani, surnamed Boasherin, which means, according to some, winner of the game of ball, and according to others, father of twenty sons. He is Grand Vizier, though in name only, merely because his father held that post under the last Sultan.

The messenger who brought the invitation was received by the ambassador in our presence. "The Grand Vizier, Taib Ben Jamani Boasherin," said he, with great impressiveness, "begs the Italian ambassador and his suite to dine to-day at his house." The ambassador thanked him.

"The Grand Vizier, Taib Ben Jamani Boasherin," continued the man with the same solemnity, "also begs the ambassador and his suite to bring knives and forks, and their own servants to wait upon them at table." Towards nightfall we set forth on horse-

back, with the usual armed following. I cannot tell what part of the city the house was situated in. We turned and twisted about, climbed up and down, and threaded innumerable wretched little covered alley-ways, dark and forbidding in the extreme, exercising the utmost care to keep our mules from slipping, and being obliged to bend low, so as not to hit our heads against the damp walls of those endless galleries. Dismounting at length in a dark lobby, we entered a vast square court-yard paved with mosaics and surrounded by very lofty white pilasters, above which was a line of small arches ornamented with stucco arabesques, painted green; a very strange Moorish-Babylonish architecture that excited our wonder and admiration. Seven streams of water fell into seven marble basins in the middle of the court, sounding like a hard shower of rain. All around were half-closed doors and twin windows. In the centre of each of the two shorter sides of the building was a lofty doorway, leading into two apartments. On the threshold of one of these doorways stood the Grand Vizier on foot, waiting to receive us; behind him were two old Moors, relatives, and on either side a group of male and female slaves. We exchanged the customary greetings, after which the Grand Vizier, seating himself cross-legged upon a mattress placed against the wall, proceeded to clasp a large round pillow to his stomach with both hands, his habitual and well-known attitude, and did not stir

again throughout the entire evening. He was a vigorous looking man of forty or thereabouts, with regular, though, owing to a certain deceitful expression about the eyes, not attractive features. He was dressed in a white turban and caftan, and talked very vivaciously, laughing loudly at every remark made either by himself or any one else, throwing back his head and keeping his mouth open for some time after all sound had ceased. Several frames hung on the wall, containing inscriptions from the Koran in gold letters; in the centre of the room stood a table, such as one sees in village inns, and some rough chairs, and in every direction white mattresses, on one of which we deposited our hats.

Sidi Ben Jamani started a lively conversation with the ambassador. He asked if he were married, and why he was not, saying that had he been, nothing would have pleased him more than to have had his wife to dinner as well; that the English ambassador had brought his daughter with him, and she had enjoyed herself very much; that all the ambassadors should make a point of marrying for the express purpose of bringing their wives to see Fez and dine with him, and similar discourses, interrupted by loud laughter.

While the Grand Vizier was talking the two artists and I, seated on the threshold of the open door, watched the slaves out of the corners of our eyes as, encouraged no doubt by our air of benignant inter-

est, they drew gradually nearer and nearer, until, unseen by the Grand Vizier, they were almost touching us. There they stood, staring open-eyed, and apparently not averse to being looked at in turn. There were eight good-looking young girls, ranging from fifteen to twenty years of age, some of them mulattoes, others black, with big eyes, dilated nostrils and prominent busts, dressed entirely in white, with wide embroidered belts around their waists, bare arms and feet, bracelets on their wrists, big silver circlets in their ears and heavy rings on their ankles. To all appearance they would have entertained no scruples whatever about having their cheeks pinched by a Christian hand. Ussi called Biseo's attention to the beautiful foot of one of them, who, observing the gesture, fell to examining her own feet with great curiosity. All the others then did the same, comparing theirs with hers. Ussi opened his opera hat and they all jumped back, then smiled and drew nearer again; but presently the voice of the Grand Vizier, giving orders to have the table laid, sent them all flying. Our soldiers set the table, and one of the servants of the establishment placed three huge wax candles of different colors in the middle. The china belonged to the Grand Vizier; no two plates were the same; they were large and small, plain white, decorated, fine and coarse, all mixed together. The napkins were also provided by our host, and consisted of pieces of cotton of various sizes and unhemmed,

evidently torn off in a great hurry at the last moment. It was already night when we took our places. The Grand Vizier remained on his mattress, hugging his pillow close with both arms, and laughing and talking with his two relatives. I will not describe the dinner, it seems useless to re-awaken distressing memories; suffice it to say that there were thirty courses, and that each of the thirty was a misfortune in itself, without counting the minor offences of the sweetmeats. When the fifteenth course was reached, in despair of being able to continue the fight without the aid of a little wine, the ambassador told Morteo to find out whether the Grand Vizier would have any objection to our sending out for a few bottles of champagne. Morteo accordingly whispered something in Selam's ear, which Selam repeated in the ear of the Grand Vizier. His Excellency replied in a low voice and at some length, while we anxiously scanned his face out of the corners of our eyes. His expression, however, did not give us much hope. Presently Selam arose with a baffled air and murmured the answer to Morteo, who thereupon administered the coup de grace in the following words:

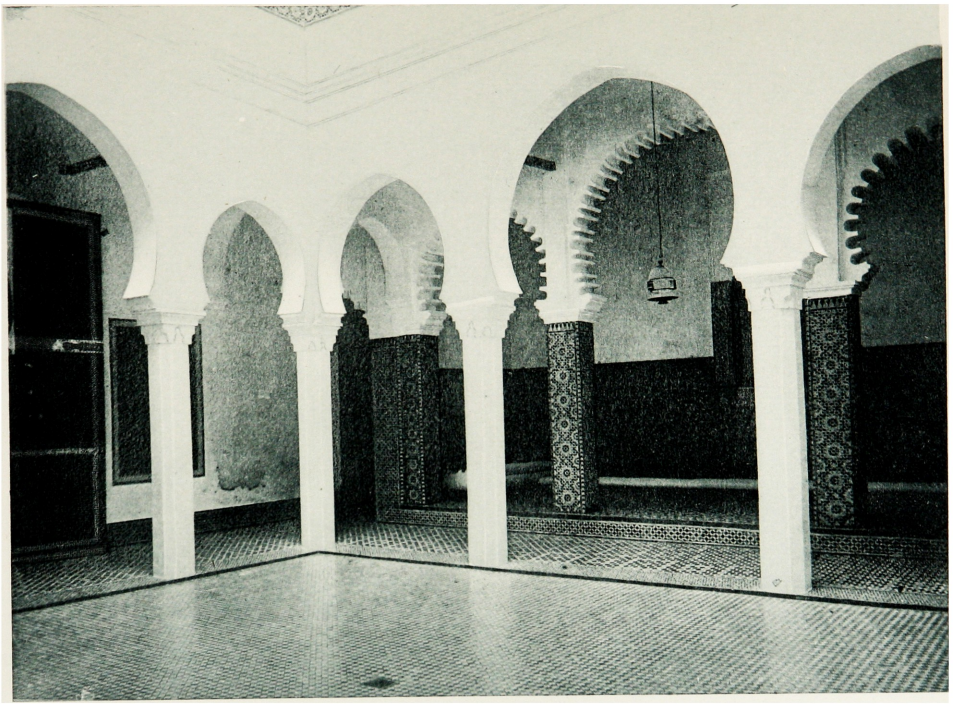
"The Grand Vizier says there would be no objection whatever, in fact it would give him the greatest pleasure to consent . . . . but there is one drawback, there are not enough glasses, ... and perhaps the table as well . . . . and in any case the

sight . . . . and the . . . . smell in short . . . . and then the novelty of the thing . . . ."

"I understand," said the ambassador, "we will say no more about it," and thereupon all our faces turned a sickly green.

Dinner over, the ambassador resumed his conversation with the Grand Vizier, and we slipped out of the room. The night was dark and rainy. Our Kaïd and the Grand Vizier's secretary were seated on the floor of the room on the other side of the court dining by torch-light. At all the windows around the four walls the dark profiles of women and children were sharply defined against the lights within. Through a half-closed door on the ground-floor we could see, in a brilliantly-lighted apartment, the wives and concubines of the Grand Vizier seated or reclining in a circle, in voluptuous attitudes, crowned like so many queens, and slightly veiled by the clouds of smoke which arose from perfumery-stands burning at their feet. Slaves and servants went back and forth from the dining-room to the kitchen, crossed the court-yard, disappeared within curtained doorways, mounted and descended the stairs. There may have been as many as fifty persons moving about, and not a voice or footstep, or the rustle of a garment, could be heard. It was a scene as silent and mysterious as some phantom vision, and we stood long in the shadow gazing at it, breathless and entranced. As we were leaving we noticed a large,

Interior of a Dwelling.



leather, many-knotted thong leaning against one of the pilasters in the court-yard. The interpreter asked one of the house-servants what it was used for. "To whip us with," was the reply.

Mounting our beasts we started for home, escorted by a crowd of the Grand Vizier's servants, each one carrying a large lantern. It was pitch dark and raining in torrents, and no words can express the effect of that long cavalcade—those lanterns, that crowd of armed and hooded figures, the deafening tramp, the tumult of hoarse, savage cries, amid that labyrinth of narrow streets and covered alleyways and the profound silence of the sleeping city. It was like a funeral procession winding through the recesses of some immense grotto; a night attack by soldiers threading the underground passageways of a fortress in order to give a coup de main. All at once the procession came to a halt. There was a sepulchral silence, broken by an angry voice announcing in Arabic, "The street is closed!" followed by the sound of blows falling in quick succession. The soldiers of the escort were trying to beat down with the butt-ends of their muskets one of the many doors which prevent one at night from circulating freely about the streets of Fez. This was continued for some time, to an accompaniment of thunder and lightning. The rain pattered down; servants and soldiers hurried back and forth, carrying lanterns, their long shadows projected against the walls. The

Kaïd, standing erect in his stirrups, threatened the invisible inhabitants of the surrounding houses, and we gazed with intense delight upon the fine Rembrandt-like scene. At last a loud crash announced that the door had fallen in, and we proceeded on our way. Not far from the palace, beneath a tomb-like arch, six infantry soldiers presented arms, each with one hand and holding a lighted taper in the other, and this was the closing scene of the grand spectacular show, entitled "A Dinner at the Grand Vizier's." Not quite the closing scene, though; that was reserved for the palace court-yard, immediately upon reaching which we fell upon the Nantes sardines and the Bordeaux, and Ussi, lifting his glass high overhead, exclaimed, solemnly:

"To Sidi Ben Jamani Boasherin, Grand Vizier of Morocco, our gracious host! I, Stefano Ussi, pledge this cup in token of Christian forgiveness."

The Sultan has granted the ambassador a private audience. The reception-room, large, white and bare as a prison, is devoid of ornaments other than a great number of pendulum clocks of all sizes and shapes, some of them placed on the floor along the walls, the rest crowded together on a centre-table. Clocks, be it observed, serve the Moors principally as objects of adornment and entertainment. The Sultan was seated cross-legged on a platform about three feet high in a small alcove. He had on, as at the state reception, a snow-white cape with the hood drawn over his head;

his feet were bare—the yellow slippers standing in one corner—and across his breast was stretched a green cord, from which no doubt a dagger hung. In this fashion do the Emperors of Morocco receive foreign ambassadors. Their throne, to quote Sultan Abd-er-Rhaman, is the horse, and their pavilion the sky. The ambassador, having previously made his wishes known to Síd Músa, found an unpretending-looking chair placed so as to face the imperial platform, upon which, at a sign from the Sultan, he took his seat. Signor Morteo, who acted as interpreter, remained standing. His majesty, Mulai el Hassan, conversed for some time without taking his arms from beneath his cloak, without a movement of the head or the slightest variation of his sweet, deep, monotonous voice. He spoke of the needs of his Empire, of commerce, of trade, of treaties, going into the most minute details systematically and with great simplicity of language. He asked numerous questions, listening to the answers with marked attention, and concluded by saying, in a tone of slight melancholy, "It is all true, but we are obliged to advance very slowly." Strange and admirable words upon the lips of an Emperor of Morocco. Seeing that even during the intervals of silence he gave no sign of bringing the interview to an end, the ambassador at last deemed it proper to arise. "Stay a little longer," said the Sultan ingenuously. "I like to talk to you." When the ambassador finally departed,

and bowed for the last time on the threshold of the door, the Sultan inclined his head slightly and remained as immovable as an idol left alone in his deserted temple.

A party of Jewish women came to the palace to present a petition of some sort to the ambassador, and we could with difficulty withdraw our hands from the kisses showered upon them. They were the wives, daughters and other female relatives of two wealthy merchants; handsome women with flashing black eyes, white skin, crimson lips and tiny hands. The two mothers—quite old women—had not a white hair on their heads, and their eyes still sparkled with youthful fire. The party was dressed in a magnificent and picturesque costume, consisting of a red cloth jacket trimmed with close rows of wide gold braid, a vest covered with gold embroidery, a short, straight skirt of green cloth, also striped with rich braid, and a sash of red or blue silk fastened about the waist. They looked like Asiatic princesses, and all this magnificence contrasted oddly enough with their servile and obsequious manners. It was not until some moments had elapsed that we noticed that they were barefoot, and carried yellow slippers under their arms. As they all spoke Spanish I addressed one of the older women in that tongue, asking her why she did not wear shoes and stockings. "Is it possible," said she, with an air of great surprise,

"that you do not know that Israelites can only wear shoes in the Mellà, and are obliged to go barefoot whenever they enter the Moorish city?" The ambassador said something reassuring, and they put on their slippers, but what they stated is an actual fact; at least while they are not absolutely required to go barefoot all the time, they have to take their slippers off when they go through certain streets, pass certain mosques, approach certain *kubbas*, and so on until it amounts to the same thing. Nor is this the only or the least humiliating annoyance to which they are subjected. They are forbidden to act as witnesses, and are obliged to prostrate themselves to the earth when speaking in court; they are not permitted to own houses or land outside the limits of their own quarter; to ride on horseback through the city; to lift their hands against a Mussulman even in self-defence, unless they have been assaulted in their own houses; they must dress in dark colors; carry their dead to the cemetery on a run; ask the Sultan's permission to marry; be within the Mellà by sundown; pay the Moorish guard that stands watch at the entrance; and present the Sultan with rich gifts on each of the four great feasts of Islam, as well as on the occasion of every birth and marriage in the imperial family. Their condition was even worse before the reign of Sultan Abd-er-Rhaman, who put a stop at least to the reckless shedding of their blood. But even should he so desire the Sultan could accomplish but

little towards the amelioration of their condition, since any attempt in that direction only results in exposing these unfortunate people to a persecution still worse than the horrible slavery which they now endure, so violent and fanatical is the hatred felt for them by the Moors. Take, for example, the case of the Emperor Suleiman, who decreed that they should be allowed to wear their slippers, with the result that such numbers were killed in broad daylight in the streets of Fez that he was forced to recall the edict to preserve them from wholesale massacre. And, notwithstanding all these things, they remain in the country, partly because, in their capacity of intermediaries between the commerce of Europe and that of Africa they become rich, and partly because the Government, recognizing how important their presence is to the welfare of the country, opposes an almost insuperable obstacle to their quitting it by prohibiting the departure of the women. Thus they serve, tremble, crawl in the dust, and willingly exchange the dignity of manhood and liberty of a citizen for those piles of gold-pieces secreted in the walls of their squalid houses. The Fez Mellà covers about eight miles, is divided into sections by the synagogues, and ruled by Rabbis, who enjoy great authority.

Our unfortunate guests showed us some heavy chased silver bracelets, jewelled rings and gold earrings, which they had hidden away in their breasts. We asked why they did not wear them. "*Nos es-*

pantamos de los Moros"—we are afraid of the Moors —they answered in low tones, and glancing nervously about as they spoke; they even mistrusted the legation soldiers. Among them were several little girls, dressed with the same richness as the women. One of these stood beside her mother in an attitude of greater timidity than the others. The ambassador inquired her age. "Twelve years," was the reply. "She will marry before very long," said the ambassador.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the mother, "she is too old now to get a husband."

We all thought she was joking. "No, I am quite serious," said the woman, evidently wondering a little at our incredulity. "Do you see that one over there?" indicating a still smaller child; "she will be ten years old in six months, but she has been married for over a year." The child hung her head, and we none of us believed the statement. "What can I say," said the mother, "to convince you? If you will not take my word for it, do us the honor to visit our house on Saturday, when we can receive you in a fitting manner, and you will see both the husband and the witnesses to the marriage."

"And how old is the husband?" I asked. "Full ten years, Senor."

Seeing that we still looked incredulous, the other women all confirmed the statement, assuring us that it is very rare for a girl to marry after she is twelve

years old, most of them doing so before they are ten, many at eight, and some even as young as seven, the husbands being about the same age. Naturally their tender years compel them to go on living with their parents, who continue to treat them like children—feed, dress, scold and whip them without paying the slightest regard to their married estate. But they pass all their time in each other's company, and the wife has to obey her husband. It seemed to us that we were listening to the customs of some other planet, and we stood open-mouthed, divided between a strong inclination to laugh and a feeling of compassionate indignation. "But," said the ambassador, hesitatingly, "do they really live together?" "Why, naturally," said the mother, "seeing that they are husband and wife." "But do you not see," said the ambassador, with a gesture of irritation, "how wrong that is? That it is a custom contrary to all the laws of nature? That it endangers the health of both soul and body? That instead of educating childhood morally and physically, you in this manner profane, poison, suffocate it?"

"Oh, no, no, Senor Ambassador!" cried the mother, with the most charming vivacity, "do not believe a word of it. Nothing like that ever happens. They are just children," and here she came nearer and dropped her voice. "They accept everything quite naturally, play and laugh together, and when they are tired just put their heads down like that and

Street Scene.



fall asleep like little angels. No harm at all, Senor Ambassador."

The ambassador still endeavored to make her see that there was harm in these customs, but the good woman only kept on repeating, "No harm at all, no harm at all, little by little, little by little," and held firm to her own opinion.

While this was going on the small nine-year-old wife was wafting kisses to Signor Patxot's hunting-dog, who was tied in a corner of the court-yard. Poor creatures, it was pitiful to see them, when the time came to leave, put their slippers under their arms again and their jewelry in their breasts, and with all their beauty and rich clothing sally forth barefoot into the stony, filthy streets, looking about them with an expression of humble supplication, as though hoping to ward off the insults and rude jostling of the passers-by.

A breakfast in the house of the Minister of War! He received us on our arrival in a narrow court-yard, inclosed by four lofty walls, and as dark as a well. On one side was a low doorway, scarcely more than three feet high. On the other a large archway gave admittance to a bare room, furnished with a mattress spread on the floor, and some sheets of paper, suspended by a string on one of the walls, the daily correspondence, I understand, of His Excellency. His name is Sid-Abd-Allà-ben Hamed. He is Síd Musá's elder brother, and about sixty years of age; black,

small, thin, unsteady on his legs, trembling, and reduced, so to speak, in the girth. He is withal not unattractive, both in manner and expression. He talks very little, often closing his eyes with a courteous smile, and bending his head, half-hidden in its huge turban. After exchanging a few words we were invited to the dining-room. The ambassador first, and then each one of us in turn, stooping almost at right angles, passed through the small doorway and found ourselves in another court-yard; spacious, surrounded by graceful arches and faced with beautiful mosaics in great variety. The whole palace was a present from the Emperor to Sid-Abd-Allà, as he informed us himself, at the same time bowing his head and closing his eyes in an attitude of religious veneration. In one corner of the court-yard stood a group of officials, in white cloaks and turbans; on the opposite side a crowd of servants, in whose midst towered the lofty form of a very handsome young man, attired in a zouave costume, of turquoise blue, with a pistol thrust in the belt. At all the doors and windows women's and children's heads could be seen, of all shades and colors, coming and going, while infants' cries came from every direction. We seated ourselves around a small table in a little room, cluttered up with two enormous bedsteads. The minister took his place close by and a little behind the ambassador, remaining there throughout the repast, and vigorously rubbing a bare black foot, which rested on one

knee, at such an angle that the august ministerial toe-nails were poised on the table a few inches from the commander's plate. The legation soldiers waited on table, and the turquoise-blue giant stood a few feet away, one hand resting on his pistol. Sid-Abd-Allà was very friendly with the ambassador.

"I like you," he directed Signor Morteo to say to him, without any preambles.

The ambassador replied that he entertained a similar sentiment towards his host.

"As soon as I saw you," continued the minister, "you won my heart."

The ambassador returned the compliment.

"The heart," resumed Sid-Abd-Allà, "will take no refusal; when it commands us to love anyone we must obey, without asking why."

Whereupon the ambassador extended his hand, and the minister pressed it to his heart.

Eighteen dishes were set before us. I will not speak of them in detail, but I feel sure that when I come to be judged those eighteen will weigh in my favor. Moreover, the water had musk in it, the table-cloth was many-hued and the chairs decidedly rickety; but these trifling drawbacks, far from putting us in a bad humor, seemed to have the opposite effect, and we were seldom so gay, so lively and witty as on that particular morning. If Sid-Abd-Allà had but heard us! But that worthy seemed to have eyes and ears for no one but the ambassador. Morteo gave us a

fright once, when, leaning over, he suggested in a low tone that the blue giant, coming from Tunis, might very likely understand some Italian; but on watching him closely at the next joke, and seeing that he betrayed no sign of having understood, but remained immovable as a statue, we took heart again, and went on without paying any further attention to him. How many apt comparisons were improvised for those sauces and ragouts, each one seeming to us more humorous than the last, but which, unfortunately, will not bear repetition! At the conclusion of the feast we all went into the court-yard, where the minister presented one of the highest officers of the army to the ambassador. This was the commander-in-chief of the artillery, a little, dried-up, old man, bowed together like a letter C, with a big, hooked nose and a pair of diabolical eyes. His face looked like that of a bird of prey; he carried, rather than wore, a huge yellow turban, spherical in shape, and was dressed something like a zouave, in light blue, with a white mantle hanging from his shoulders. At his side dangled a long sword, and a silver-handled dagger was thrust in his belt. The ambassador inquired what grade in the military hierarchy of Europe his rank in the Moroccoan army corresponded to. This question seemed to puzzle him, but after thinking a moment he replied, hesitatingly, "General." Then he seemed to consider again, and finally said, "No, Colonel," but apparently in some confusion.

He said he was a native of Algeria, and the suspicion instantly flashed through our minds that he was a renegade. Who can tell through what strange accident he found himself a colonel in the Moroccoan army! Meanwhile the other officers were breakfasting in a room on the ground-floor, opening from the court-yard, all of them seated on the pavement in a circle, with the dishes in the middle. As I stood watching them I understood perfectly how it is that the Moors are able to dispense with knives and forks. It is impossible to convey any just idea of the grace, dexterity and precision with which they separate chickens, roast mutton, game, fish, everything, employing only a few rapid movements of the hands, with no confusion, each one deftly and accurately detaching his own portion as though his nails were sharpened like razors. They plunge their fingers into the broth, roll up balls of kuskussú, eat salad by the handful, and never so much as a drop or a crumb falls outside their plates, and at the end their caftans are as immaculate as when they sat down. From time to time a servant carried around a basin and towel. After going through a slight ablution each one dipped his hand into the fresh dish before him. No one spoke or raised his eyes, or gave any sign of being conscious of our presence. Could these possibly have been officers of rank? Staff-officers belonging to the higher grades of the army? Aides-de-camp? Chiefs of Departments in the War Office? Who

can be certain of anything in Morocco, particularly when it is a question related in any way to the army, which of all mysteries is the most mysterious. They say, for instance, that in the event of a religious war, when the Djehad law would be proclaimed which calls out every man capable of bearing arms, the Emperor could raise a force of two hundred thousand soldiers; but if they do not know even approximately the extent of the population of the Empire, upon what calculations do they base their estimates? And the standing army, who really knows what it numbers? And how is anyone to find out anything not only about its strength, but its organization, if apart from the heads no one knows anything to tell, and they, either refuse to speak, or prevaricate, or else cannot make themselves understood?

Sid-Abd-Allà, most courteous of hosts, asked each one to write his name in his portfolio, and then bade us farewell, pressing each hand to his heart in turn. As we reached the door we were overtaken by the turquoise-blue giant. We halted, and he regarded us a moment with a cunning smile, then said, in excellent Italian, barring the Moorish accent, "I hope you are quite well, Signori."

Our thoughts instantly flew to all the jokes we had made at table, and we were petrified.

"You dog!" cried Ussi, but the dog had already disappeared.

A Moorish Beggar.



Every time we take a walk it is like setting out on a small military expedition. The Kaïd must first be notified, an escort collected, an interpreter found, the animals sent for, and before all is in readiness an hour has elapsed. On this account we spend much of the day indoors. The spectacle, however, afforded by the interior of the palace itself largely compensates us for this forced imprisonment. There is a continuous procession of red-clad soldiers, black servants, messengers from court, merchants from the city, sick Moors seeking the doctor's aid, Rabbis come to pay their respects to the ambassador, Jewish women carrying bunches of flowers, couriers bringing letters from Tangier and porters bearing the *mona*. There are workmen in the court-yard engaged upon the mosaics for Viscount Venosta, masons on the terrace and crowds of cooks in the kitchen. The merchants display their stuffs in the garden, and Signor Vincent his uniforms. The doctor occupies a hammock swung between two trees, and the artists are at work outside the door of their room. Servants and soldiers run up and down, and call one another through the corridors. The fountains play with a sound like falling rain, and hundreds of birds sing in the branches of the orange and lemon-trees of the garden. Our days are divided between games of ball and Khaldoum's history. In the evening we play chess and sing, the latter diversion being under the direction of the commander, leading tenor of Fez. My nights would be passed

rather more agreeably did not Mohammed Ducali's black servants, who occupy a room close by, flit back and forth in a continuous procession like so many phantoms. The doctor and I share a room and the services of a poor devil of an Arab servant, whose eccentricities make us almost die with laughter. He informs us that he belongs to a family which, if not exactly wealthy, is at all events not in want, and that his object in joining the caravan at Tangier in the capacity of a servant was to make a *pleasure trip*. No sooner had he reached Fez, the goal of his desires, than for some offence, what I do not know, but undoubtedly something very trifling, he was whipped. Since then he has devoted himself to our service with the most furious zeal. He never understands anything, not even gestures, and always looks frightened. When we ask him for the chess-board he brings a spittoon. Yesterday the doctor sent him for a piece of bread, and in order to be very quick about it he returned with an end of crust he had found in the garden. We have the greatest difficulty in reassuring him, as he persists in regarding us with terror, and trying to conciliate us by all sorts of unnecessary services that we do not want, such as changing the water in our pitchers three times before we are out of bed. In order to do something very acceptable he takes his stand every morning in the middle of the room, with a cup of coffee in his hand, and the first one of us that stirs he throws himself upon, thrusting

it under his nose as though he were administering an antidote. Another interesting personage is the washwoman, who, with covered face, green skirts and red trousers, comes to collect our clothes, condemned, alas, to the cuffs and blows of the Moorish process of washing. It is unnecessary to say that they are returned unironed. In all Fez there does not exist such a thing as a flat-iron, and we wear our garments just as they issue from the fists of the laundrymen.

"Perhaps," they said to us, "there are some flat-irons in the Mellà."

Everything can be had if one can only lay hands on it. For instance, there is a carriage, though to be sure that belongs to the Emperor. It is even said that there is a piano in Fez. It was seen ten years ago being brought into the city, but no one seems to know what became of it. It is good fun to send out for something to be bought in the shops. "A candle?" The answer comes back that they have none, but will make one right away. "A yard of ribbon?" It will be done by to-morrow evening. "Cigars?" The tobacco is there, and they will be ready in an hour. The vice-consul has been searching for days for a certain old book in Arabic. When questioned, the Moors all look at each other and say, "A book? Let me see; who has any books in Fez? If I am not mistaken so and so used to have some, but he is dead, and I do not know who his heirs are." "And Arabic newspapers of other countries, are any to be

had?" "Oh, yes, there is one printed in Algeria that comes to Fez regularly, but then it is addressed to the Emperor." In short, it is difficult to realize that we are less than two hundred miles distant from Gibraltar, where Lucia di Lammermoor is probably being given this evening; or that in eight days I could be walking in front of the Loggia dei Lanzi in Florence. I have a sense of being very far away indeed, and it is not the number of miles, but the differences in people and things that put the greatest distance between us and home. With what delight do we tear off the wrapper of the *Gazzetta Ufficiale*, and break the seals of our letters—those poor little letters that have escaped the hands of the Carlists, passed through the midst of the Sierra Morena brigands, climbed the rocky sides of the Red Mountain, swum, clasped in a Bedouin's hand, the waters of the Kús, the Sebú, the Mikkés, the Blue Fountain river, and brought us their loving messages in the midst of all these revilings and maledictions.

We pass away hours at a time watching the two artists at work. Ussi has made a charming sketch of the grand reception, in which he has succeeded admirably in catching the Sultan's likeness. Biseo, eminent as a painter of oriental architecture, is copying the façade of the summer-house in the garden. One should hear the comments of the soldiers as they look at that picture. They sidle up on tiptoe behind the artist, making spy-glasses of their fists, so

as to see better, and then most of them burst out laughing, as though they had discovered some absurd blunder. The blunder consists in the second arch being smaller in the drawing than the first, and the third smaller than the second. Absolutely ignorant of the first principles of perspective, they think this is a mistake, and say that the walls are crooked, the house leans over, the doors are out of position, and various other pleasantries of the same sort, and go off calling the artist an ass. Ussi is more highly thought of since they learned that he has been in Cairo and painted the starting out of the great caravan for Mecca, an order given him by the Viceroy, who paid fifteen thousand crowns for the work; but they say that the Viceroy has evidently taken leave of his senses to pay fifteen thousand crowns for a thing which must have cost not more than a hundred francs at most, in colors. One merchant asked Morteo if Ussi could paint furniture as well. But Biseo's experiences when he goes every morning to New Fez to paint one of the Mosques are the most amusing. He is accompanied, of course, by four or five soldiers, armed with clubs. Before the easel has been set up about three hundred people have gathered around him, and the soldiers have to shout and push like maniacs in order to clear barely enough space in front for him to see the Mosque. Very soon, however, neither shouts nor pushes being of any further avail, clubs have to come into play. At

every stroke of the brush a blow, but the crowd submits to being knocked about, and seems only to grow more unruly. Now and then a saint accosts the artist in a threatening tone and the soldiers are obliged to drag him back. There are, however, sometimes a few Moors of the progressive sort, who approach in a friendly manner, bow, look and go away again, making him signs of approval and encouragement. Most of these liberal-minded ones, however, are much more impressed by the easel and camp-stool than by the picture itself. One day a wild-looking fellow, after shaking his fist at Biseo, turned and harangued the crowd at some length, with the voice and gestures of a demon. An interpreter explained that he was trying to incite the people against Biseo by telling them that *that dog* had been sent thither by the king of his country to make drawings of all the most beautiful Mosques in Fez, so that when the Christian armies came to attack the city they would be able to recognize and bombard them first of all. Yesterday I was present when a ragged old Moor, with a face like an amiable devil, all smiles, accosted us with an air of having something very important to say. After hesitating a moment, as though selecting his words, he exclaimed, excitedly, "*France! Londres! Madrid! Roma!*" As any one might suppose, we were completely taken aback, and asked him forthwith if he could speak French, or Italian, or Spanish. He made a gesture of assent. "Then talk," said we.

He scratched his head, sighed, shuffled about on his feet and then exclaimed again, "*France! Londres! Roma! Madrid!*" at the same time pointing to the horizon. He meant that he had been to those places, and possibly also that he had once been able to make himself understood in foreign languages, but he had evidently forgotten it all. We asked him a number of questions, eliciting nothing, however, beyond those four names. At last he went off, still repeating "*Madrid, Roma, France, Londres,*" and as long as he was in sight continuing to make us friendly signs, expressive of the sorrow he felt at being unable to talk to us.

"You can find every kind among these people," said Biseo gloomily, "even a few who are eccentric enough to look upon us in a kindly fashion, but not a dog among them who is willing to pose." And sure enough, thus far all efforts of the two artists in that direction have been entirely unsuccessful, even our faithful Selam refusing flatly.

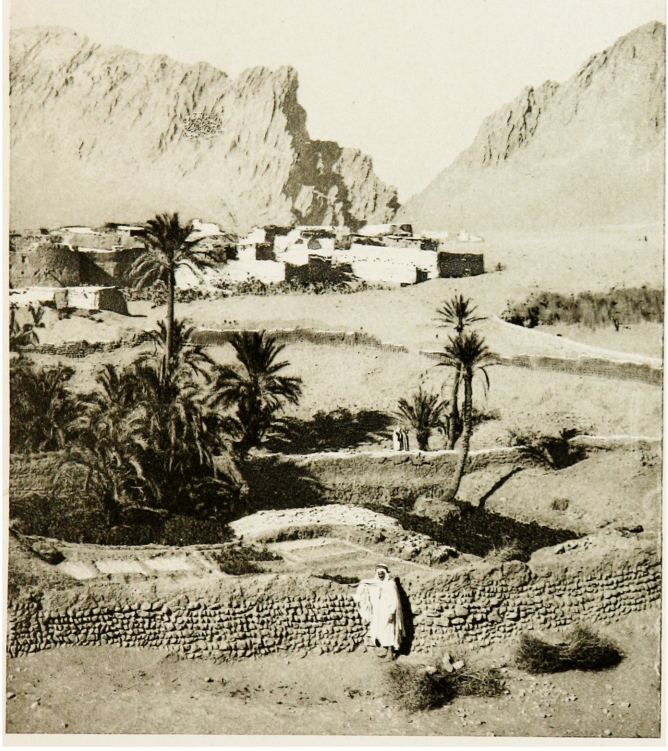
"Are you afraid of the devil?" Ussi asked him one day.

"No," he replied, in his serious way, "I am afraid of God."

We have climbed to the top of Mount Zalag, the commander, Ussi, and I, under the guidance of Captain di Boccard, that charming young fellow being as remarkable for his physical agility as for his active

mind and keen intelligence. We were accompanied by an officer of the escort, three infantrymen, three cavalrymen, and three servants. After proceeding for an hour and a half in a northeasterly direction, we reached the foot of the mountain and halted for luncheon, at the conclusion of which the captain drove a stake into the ground, on the end of which he stuck an apple with a scudo laid on top of it, and invited the men to fire at it in turn with his revolver. The prize being eagerly desired, everyone was anxious to try, but unfortunately, it being the first attempt of any of them to handle that particular kind of weapon, no one hit the mark, and the money had to be given to the officer to divide up among them equally. We got our amusement in watching the remarkable positions they adopted when about to fire. Some threw their heads back, others leaned forward, others stood on guard as though it were a fencing-match. Accustomed as they all were to make themselves as terrific and threatening as possible when firing off their guns, they could not take in the idea of the composed, steady attitude the captain tried to teach them. One of the soldiers presently asked if we were willing to give something to a peasant woman from whom he had obtained a jug of milk for our use. We told him certainly, provided she came for it herself. So in a few minutes we saw her coming towards us, a woman of about thirty, dark, wasted, covered with rags, unattractive enough

Arab Village.



to have aroused repugnance in a Satyr. She approached very slowly, keeping her face carefully hidden with one hand, until she was about five feet away, when, wheeling about, she held out the other behind her for the money. How angry it made the commander. "You need have no fears," he called out, "I am not going to fall in love with you, I am not losing my head, I am still able to control myself. Heavens above, what terrific modesty!" We placed a coin in her hand, and picking up the milk-jug she went off towards her hut, on reaching which we saw her take a stone and smash the desecrated vessel into atoms. We now began the ascent, on foot and accompanied by a part of the escort. The mountain rises to a height of between three and four thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is rocky, precipitous, and without any sort of path. Before long the captain had disappeared among the rocks, but for the commander, Ussi, and me it was equal to one of the twelve tasks of Hercules. Each one of us was provided with an Arab on either side to hold us up and show us where to plant our feet, notwithstanding which we stumbled constantly on the loose stones, and kept recalling with terror the first two strophes of the Natale by Alexandre Manzoni. In some places we were obliged to clamber like so many cats, grasping hold of tufts of grass and shrubs, crawling over rocks, scraping our shins, bruising our legs, and hanging on to our guides' arms like shipwrecked mariners cling-

ing to a plank. Now and then a goat or two would appear above us, apparently suspended overhead, so sheer was the ascent, while a mere touch would send the stones rolling down to the very foot of the mountain. By the help of Providence, after an hour's toil, we reached the top, pretty well exhausted, but with no bones broken. What an exquisite view repaid us for our pains! Far down below us, the city lay like a little white figure eight, surrounded by black walls, cemeteries, gardens, saints' houses, and towers and all framed in a green basin; to the left the Sebú, a long, shining ribbon; to the right the great plain of Fez, striped with the silver River of Pearls and River of the Blue Fountain; to the south the blue summits of the great Atlas chain; to the north the peaks of the mountains of Rif; to the east the vast undulating plain where the fortress of Taza stands commanding the pass between the Sebú basin and the basin of the Muluya; beneath us great waving fields of wheat and barley, edged by foot-paths and traversed by long rows of gigantic aloes. Such majesty of outline, luxuriance of vegetation, and clearness of atmosphere; such silence and stillness, that the charm of it seemed to steal into our very souls. Who would ever have dreamed that in this terrestrial paradise an effete, enchained people slumbered over a heap of ruins!

The mountain, which seen from the city appears to be conical in shape, has instead an elongated summit formed of solid rock. The captain climbed to

the very highest point, while we, with some regard for our lives, contented ourselves with scattering about among the rocks a little lower down, and were out of sight of one another. I had proceeded but a few steps into a small gorge when I suddenly found myself face to face with an Arab. I stopped, and he stopped apparently much astonished to see me alone. He was a fierce-looking man, about fifty years old, armed with a heavy stick. For a moment I thought he might be going to knock me down and steal my purse, instead of which, to my amazement, he greeted me smilingly, and pointing with one hand to my chin, stroked his beard with the other, saying something over two or three times that I could not understand, but which seemed to be some question he was anxious to have answered. Prompted by curiosity I called the officer of the escort, who knew a little Spanish, and begged him to tell me what it was the man wished to know. Who could ever have guessed it! In order to pay me a compliment (and I do not know what other he could have paid) he had asked, *ex abrupto*, why I did not let my beard grow, as in that case it would, no doubt, have been handsomer than his own! The soldiers of the escort were following us at a distance of about twenty feet, and hearing us call out to one another they for the first time caught the sound of our names distinctly, and thought them very funny; they laughed and repeated them aloud, with a strong Moorish accent, twisting them about in the queerest

way—"Isi!" "Amigi!" and so on, until the officer suddenly turned on them with a "Shut!" (silence), and they all stopped. The sun was high and the rock scorching hot; even the captain, accustomed though he was to the heat of Tunis, felt the need of shade. So, giving a final look at the summits of the Atlas, we came down at breakneck speed, and vaulting into our crimson saddles started back towards Fez, where a charming surprise was in store for us. The El Ghisa Gate, through which we were to re-enter the city, was closed. "Well, why not enter by another?" said the commander. "They are all shut," said the officer of the escort; and seeing us raise our eyebrows, he proceeded to explain the mystery. It seems that on all feast days (this was a Friday) the gates of all the cities are closed from noon to one o'clock, that being the hour of prayer, because, according to Mussulman belief, it will be on a feast day, and at that very hour, that the Christians are to take possession, by a *coup de main*, of the country. So there was nothing for it but to wait till the gates should be opened again. Hardly had we entered at last than we were made the recipients of a flowery compliment. An old woman shook her fist at each one of us in turn, muttering certain words at the same time. "What is it she says?" I asked the officer. "Oh, nothing," said he, "just a bit of foolishness." But I insisted on knowing what it was, and on being assured that I would not take it

Bab el Ghisa, Fez.



in bad part whatever it might be, "Well," said he, smiling, "it is just a saying they have in this country—Jews to the pot-hook and Christians to the—a—spit."

The doctor has performed an operation for cataract, *coram populo*, in the palace garden. A crowd of relatives, friends, soldiers and servants surrounded the patient, while others stood in a long line all the way to the entrance from the street, outside of which another crowd waited to hear the result. The man was an old Moor, who had been totally blind for over three years. Just as he was about to take his place he hesitated as though he were afraid, then, with a resolute gesture, seated himself; nor from that moment did he give any further sign of weakening. During the operation all the bystanders stood as though they were petrified; the children clung to their mother's skirts, who in their turn held on to one another by the arm in terrified postures, as though they were witnessing an execution, while not so much as a breath could be heard. We, meanwhile, were quite as anxious on our side on account of the "diplomatic" importance of the affair. All at once the patient fell on his knees with an exclamation of joy. He had received the first faint impression of light. All the people in the garden hailed the doctor with a shout, which was echoed by those standing without. The soldiers made everyone but the patient leave the palace at once, and

in the course of a few hours news of the wonderful event had flown all over Fez. Fortunate doctor! he began that very evening to reap the rewards of his skill, being sent for to visit the most beautiful women in the harem of the Grand Sherif Bakali. They received him unveiled, in all the pomp of their splendid attire, and talked languidly about their various ailments, regarding him full in the face with flashing eyes.

Every now and then Signor Patxot receives a visit from some Spanish renegade. They say that there are as many as three hundred of these miserable creatures in the Empire. Most of them are Spaniards convicted of some ordinary crime, who have made their escape from the galleys on the coast. The rest are either French deserters from Algeria, or adventurers of a low class, drifted hither from all parts of Europe. In former times they frequently attained to high positions about the court, and in the army formed special military corps, and were very well paid, but now their condition is quite different. On their arrival they at once abjure Christianity and embrace Islamism, without, however, undergoing circumcision or any other rite, simply pronouncing the words of a certain formula. After that no one cares whether or no they observe the duties of their new religion. Most of them, in fact, never so much as put foot inside a mosque, and do not even know the prayers.

In order to attach them to the country the Sultan requires them to marry at once, and to anyone who may so desire he will give one of his negresses; the others may marry free Moorish or Arab women. In all cases the Sultan defrays the expenses of the wedding. All renegades must enroll themselves in the army, but they can at the same time practice a trade, if they have one. Most of them are in the artillery, and a few are members of the Sultan's band, the leader of which is a Spaniard. The common soldiers receive five cents a day and the officers twenty-five or thirty, but if anyone happens to be clever in certain directions he can make as much as two francs. Just now, for instance, there is a good deal of talk about a certain renegade German, who is gifted with an especial talent, and by means of it has won an enviable position for himself. He fled from Algeria in seventy-three—no one knows just why—went to Tafilalt, on the borders of the desert, and after staying there two years and learning Arabic he came to Fez, enrolled, and in the course of a few days, with the aid of such tools as he happened to have with him, manufactured a revolver. The event made quite a stir; the weapon was passed from one to another, until it came into the hands of the Minister of War, who spoke to the Emperor about it; the latter forthwith sent for the man, talked to him encouragingly, gave him ten francs and raised his pay to two francs a day. But cases of good fortune such as

this are rare, and most of these people live in such a state of wretchedness that even though they are known to have committed grave crimes, they inspire one with a feeling more of pity than of horror. Yesterday two renegades of some years' standing, both married and with children born in Fez, presented themselves at the palace. One was about thirty and the other fifty years of age, and both were Spaniards who had fled from Ceuta. The younger one did not speak; the other said he had been condemned to penal servitude for having killed a man who was in the act of beating his son to death. He was pale, and spoke excitedly, rubbing his handkerchief all the time between his trembling hands.

"If they would promise to keep me in the galley only ten years longer I would go back," he said. "I am fifty now and would get out at sixty, and still have a few years left to live in my own country. But it is the idea of dying in the uniform of a galley-slave that scares me. I would return to the galley at any cost if I could only be sure of dying in Spain a free man. The life we lead here is not life at all; it is just like being in the middle of a desert, and it is so discouraging. Everyone looks down on us. Even our own families do not really belong to us. Our sons, instead of loving us, are incited by everyone around them to hate us; and then we can never forget the religion we were brought up in, the church where our mothers took us to say our prayers, their

teachings, the happiest periods of our lives, ... and these memories. . . . . Oh, yes, I know we are renegades, galley-slaves, but after all we are men too, and these memories tear our hearts," and as he spoke his eyes filled with tears.

The rain which has been coming down steadily and without intermission for the past three days has reduced Fez to such a condition that were I to describe it fully no one would believe me. It is no longer a city, but an enormous sewer. The streets are conduits, the crossings, lakes; the squares, morasses; foot-passengers sink half-way up their shins in mire, and the houses are splashed with it above the tops of the doors; men, horses, mules, all seem to be cased in mud, and the dogs are so thickly coated that not a hair is visible. Very few people are to be seen abroad, most of them riding, and none of them carrying umbrellas, notwithstanding which no one dreams of hurring to get out of the rain. Except in the neighborhood of the bazaars the city is a gloomy waste, most depressing: water everywhere, running, flowing, gurgling, gathering up all manner of foul things, and not a sound, not a human voice to break the monotony of that dreary downpour. It looks like a place abandoned by all its inhabitants at the moment of an inundation. After walking about for some time I came back to the palace at last, plunged in melancholy, and spent several hours in my room,

with my face pressed against the window-grating and my eyes fixed upon the dripping trees in the garden, thinking of a certain poor courier who at that very moment, perhaps, was swimming the swollen Sebú, at the risk of his life, holding between his teeth a leather purse, containing a letter from my mother.

Some people declare and others deny that a capital punishment has taken place within the last day or two in front of one of the gates of Fez, but as no heads have been seen hanging from the walls I prefer to believe that the news is false. A description I read of an execution that took place some years ago at Tangier has quite cured me of any barbarous wish I may once have entertained to be present on such an occasion. The Englishman, Drummond Hay, on issuing one day from one of the gates of Tangier, saw a band of soldiers dragging two prisoners, bound around the arms and waist, towards the Jewish slaughter-house. One was a mountaineer of the Rif, a gardener, formerly in the employ of a European resident of Tangier; the other was a good-looking young man, tall, and with a pleasing, open countenance. The Englishman asked the soldier in command of the party what crime these two unfortunates had been guilty of.

"The Sultan," was the reply, "may God prolong his days, has commanded that their heads be cut off for carrying on a contraband trade with the treacherous Spaniards off the coast of Rif."

"The punishment is very severe, considering the nature of the offence," observed the Englishman; "and why, if it is intended to serve as an example and warning to others, are the inhabitants of Tangier prevented from being present?" (All the city gates were closed, and Drummond Hay had only gotten out by paying the gate-keeper a fee.)

"Do not argue with the Nazarene," said the man; "I have my orders, and must obey them."

The beheading was to take place in the Jewish shambles. A low, depraved-looking Moor, dressed like a butcher, stood awaiting the prisoners, holding in one hand a small knife, about six inches long. This was the executioner. A stranger in the city, he had offered his services, as the Mohammedan butchers of Tangier, who are usually charged with this sort of business, had all taken refuge in one of the mosques. An altercation now arose between the soldiers and this man as to the amount the latter was to receive for beheading the two poor wretches, who were obliged to stand by and listen to a dispute as to the price of their blood. The executioner insisted that he had been promised twenty francs for one head and that he must have four more for the other. The officer finally yielding an unwilling assent, the butcher proceeded to lay hold of the first victim, who was already half-dead from terror. Throwing him on the ground, he knelt on his chest and applied the knife to his neck. At this point Drummond Hay turned away

his head, but a violent struggle seemed to follow. The executioner cried out, "Give me another knife, mine will not cut!" the condemned man lying meanwhile stretched on the ground, his throat half-cut, his breast heaving and all his limbs contracted. Another knife was produced, and the head finally severed from the body.

The soldiers called out feebly "God preserve the life of our lord and master!" but some of them even appeared to be stupefied with horror. It was now the turn of the attractive, good-looking young man to come forward, but another dispute arose, the officer going back on his promise and declaring that he was only going to pay twenty francs for the two heads. The executioner at last gave in, and the prisoner asked if his hands might be untied. This being done, he took off his cloak and handed it to the soldier who had cut the cords, saying, "Accept this, we will meet again in a better world;" then tossing his turban to another, who had regarded him pityingly, he walked with a firm step to the spot where the bleeding corpse of his former companion lay extended. After pronouncing the words "There is but one God, Mohammed is his Prophet," in a clear, steady voice, he turned to the executioner, and taking off his belt handed it to him, saying, "Take this, but for the love of God cut my head off quicker than you did that of my brother," and then laid himself down on the blood-stained earth. The executioner placed one knee on his breast.

"Stop!" cried the Englishman. "A reprieve!" A horseman was seen approaching at full speed. The executioner held his knife poised in the air.

"It is only the Governor's son coming to see the execution," said one of the soldiers. "Wait until he gets here." And so it was, and a few minutes later the two heads were swinging from the hand of one of the men.

The gates were now opened, and a rabble of boys poured out and began stoning the executioner, chasing him three miles out from the city, where he finally fell, covered with wounds. The following day it was learned that he had been shot by a relative of one of the deceased men, and buried on the spot where he fell. Apparently the Tangier authorities thought it wiser to take no notice of this incident, as the murderer returned to the city and was not molested in any way. After being placed on exhibition for three days the heads were forwarded to the Sultan, so that His Imperial Majesty might see with what solicitude his orders had been carried out. The soldiers to whom they were entrusted met a courier on the road, bringing a pardon. He had been delayed by an unexpected flood in one of the rivers!

I frequently encounter merchants in Fez who have been to Italy. From forty to fifty of them go yearly, and some of these have Moorish agents in our principal cities. They usually visit the north of Italy,

where they purchase raw silk, damask, coral, velvet, thread, porcelain, pearls, Venetian glass, Genoese playing-cards, and muslin from Leghorn. Properly speaking, they bring from their own country little beside wool and wax, as commerce in Morocco is much restricted—stuffs, arms, hides and pottery being about the only products that attract the attention of a European. The stuffs are manufactured principally in Fez and Morocco, and consist of women's *haïks*, men's turbans, scarfs, *foulards*, fine silk gauzes, mixed with gold and silver, usually in stripes and cross-bars, either white or of delicate colors beautifully harmonized, charming to look at, but on closer examination proving to be full of gum and of very poor quality for wear. The small caps, on the contrary, that take their name from the city of Fez are not only made of fine cloth, but are extremely durable; while the rugs manufactured at Rabât, Casa Blanca, Morocco, Shadma, and Soueir are admirable, both as regards endurance and the beautiful richness of their coloring. At Tetuan are made most of those embossed guns, inlaid with precious stones, so light and beautiful in shape, while from the cities of Mequinez and Fez, and the province of Sus, come the lighter weapons, the daggers being especially noticeable for their graceful workmanship. Hides, the principal source of revenue to the country, are excellently cured, and the red leather of Fez, yellow of Morocco, and green of Tafilalt still maintain their ancient repu-

tation. They pride themselves, particularly at Fez, upon their pottery, but one seldom finds the noble outlines of the ancient forms reproduced; its principal attraction lies in the brilliant coloring, and a certain barbarous originality of design, more striking than pleasing. There are, too, in Fez a great many jewellers and goldsmiths, who make a number of simple articles not unpleasing in themselves, but very limited both in variety and number, as the Malekite law denounces the pomp of costly ornaments as being contrary to the spirit of Mohammedan austerity. More worthy of note than the jewelry is the furniture made in Tetuan: sets of shelves and racks for clothing, little many-cornered tables for holding the tea-service, arched, arabesqued, painted a thousand different colors; copper trays engraved with intricate designs, and ornamented with green, red, and blue enamelling; and, above all, those mosaics for floors and walls made with such exquisite taste by the cleverest of workmen, who cut, one by one, with strokes of a small hatchet, innumerable stars and squares with unerring exactitude. These people are undoubtedly endowed with marvellous aptitude, and their industries would receive a wonderful stimulus—and their agriculture, once so flourishing, as well—if trade could only put a little life into them; but trade is shackled by prohibitions, restrictions, monopolies, excessive tariffs, incessant modifications and violations of the treaties, and although the various

European states have undoubtedly accomplished something in the past few years, it does not amount to much when compared with what might so easily be done, thanks to the marvellous natural riches and the geographical position of the country, under a civilized Government. The largest European trade is with England; next come France and Spain, which, in exchange for wool, hides, fruit, leeches, gum, wax, and many of the products of Central Africa, furnish cereals, metals, sugar, tea, coffee, raw silk, woollen stuffs, and cotton. The commerce which is carried on between Fez, Taza, and Jidier (and this is not unimportant, though falling far short of what it should be when the close vicinity of Morocco and Algeria is considered) includes, beside carpets, stuffs, belts, braids, and all the different articles of Arab and Moorish wearing apparel, gold and silver bracelets and rings for the ankles, Fez jugs, mosaics, perfumes, incense, antimony for the eyes, henné for the nails, and all the other tints that contribute to the get-up of the African fair sex. More important still, as well as more systematic and of longer standing, is the commerce with the interior of Africa. Every year a great caravan sets out laden with stuffs from Fez—English cloth, Venetian glass, Italian coral, powder, arms, tobacco, sugar, German mirrors, Dutch feathers, Tyrolese boxes, English and French hardware, and salt taken from the oases of Sahara. The caravan is like a moving fair, and all this merchandise is

Old Biskra.



exchanged for black slaves, gold-dust, ostrich-plumes, white Senegal gum, gold jewelry from Nigrizia destined for the East and Europe, black stuffs which Moorish women wear on their heads, *bezoaro* to ward off poison and sickness from the Arabs, and a number of drugs long since abandoned in Europe, which, however, preserve their ancient prestige in Africa. And thus it is its position—forming, as it does, the principal gateway to Nigrizia—that gives Morocco its chief importance in the eyes of Europe. Here the trade of Europe and of Central Africa can meet, and before long civilization and barbarism will contend for possession of the soil.

The ambassador holds frequent interviews with Síd Músa, his object being to obtain certain concessions from the Government of the Sherifs tending to facilitate trade conditions between Italy and Morocco; further I am not at liberty to speak. These interviews last over two hours, but the conversation bears for very little of that time on the topics supposed to be under discussion, as the minister, following a rule which seems to be traditional in the policy of the Moroccoan Government, will not touch upon the matter in hand until, having exhausted all manner of extraneous subjects, he is actually forced to. "First let us talk a little while about something amusing," he will say in a tone almost of supplication. The weather, health, the Fez water, the properties of cer-

tain fabrics, a historical anecdote, various proverbs, the population of some of the European countries, anything, in fact, in preference to business. "What do you think of Fez?" he asked one day, and on receiving the reply that it was beautiful, "It has still another merit," said he; "cleanliness." Another day he asked the ambassador to tell him the population of Morocco. But sooner or later he has to come to business, and then follow long strings of words, hesitations, reservations, broken phrases, a thousand doubts put forward regarding matters to which in his heart he has already agreed; refusals under the guise of consent, and a marvellous capacity for slipping out of the ambassador's grasp just as the knot is about to be tied; and then the never-failing expedient, "wait till to-morrow," and when the morrow comes a recapitulation of all that has been said on the preceding day, fresh doubts, restrictions, mistakes discovered, regrets at having been misunderstood and at not having made himself more clear, and much perspiring on the part of the unfortunate interpreter charged with the task of making everything plain. Then all must wait until the return of the couriers sent to obtain certain information at Tangier and Tafilalt, information of the most trifling importance in itself, but valuable as serving as an excuse for postponing a decision for ten days longer. And finally, three great obstacles to everything: the fanaticism of the people, the obstinacy of the ulemas,

and the necessity for proceeding with the utmost caution, without noise, without attracting attention, so slowly, in fact, as to seem to be standing still, or, if possible, going backwards. Subjected to such ordeals as these, Job himself might well lose patience sometimes; but the conferences always end in warm hand-pressures, sweet smiles, expressions of a sympathy and affection that are well-nigh irresistible, and which seem destined to end only with life itself. The most difficult matter of all is that of the fat Moor Shellal, and they say that the success of his whole life hangs in the balance; consequently he haunts the palace at all hours, enveloped in his ample *haïk*, uneasy, thoughtful, sometimes actually with tears in his eyes, and keeping his supplicating gaze constantly fixed upon the ambassador, as though he were a condemned man hoping for pardon. Mohammed Ducali, on the other hand, has the wind in his sails, and is all gayety in consequence; smokes, perfumes himself, changes his caftan every day, and bestows compliments, soft words and smiles in all directions. Ah, were he not in our party as an Italian citizen how quickly would those smiles be exchanged for tears of blood!

We are putting all that was told us at Tangier concerning the effect of the Fez air to the proof in these days, and whether it really is the air, or the water, or the villanous oil, or the infamous butter,

or all of these things combined, it is an actual fact that we none of us feel well. We are languid, have lost our appetites, suffer from extreme prostration, our heads are heavy, and, what is still more serious, we have contracted a habit of hurrying across the court without looking around us, as though we were being followed. Strange delusion! And added to all this we are bored, utterly weary; a sort of gloom has settled down upon us that in the course of a few days has changed the face of everything. Everyone is now impatient to be off. We have reached that inevitable point in all journeys when all at once curiosity is satisfied and everything becomes colorless. Memories of home crowd close one upon the other, and all those longings that are so easily kept in check at first now rise up tumultuously, while in whatever direction we may turn, the eye sees nothing but the road leading home. We are tired of mosques, of turbans, of black faces; tired of having a thousand eyes always following us; tired of this great white masquerade, which we have been watching for two months. What would we not give to catch sight of an European lady passing by, even at a distance! To hear the ringing of a bell! To see on some wall the play-bill of a puppet-show! Oh, cherished memories!

I have discovered that one of the soldiers of the palace-guard has lost his right ear, and they tell me that it was cut off legally, and in the presence of wit-

nesses, by another soldier whom he had deprived of the corresponding ear some time before. Such is the law of retaliation as it is interpreted in Morocco. Not only may any of the relatives of a murdered man kill the murderer on the same day of the week, at the same hour, on the spot where the crime was committed, and with the same weapon, but whoever loses one of his members by violence can inflict a similar injury upon him who did the deed. In this connection I was told by an attaché of the French legation at Mogador of a very curious incident that occurred at that place some years ago, one of the persons concerned being personally known to him. An English merchant of Mogador was returning to the city on the evening of a market day, and arrived at the gate just when a crowd of peasants were pouring through, leading their asses and camels. Although he shouted "*Bal ak ! Bal ak !*" (Make room! Make room!) until he was tired, an old Moorish woman was thrown down by his horse, striking her face against a stone. As ill-luck would have it she knocked out the last two remaining teeth in her underjaw. For a moment she seemed dazed, but recovered herself quickly and rose to her feet in a furious rage. Bursting into a torrent of abuse and curses, she followed the Englishman to his house, and then went off in search of the Kaïd to demand, in accordance with the law of retaliation, that the Nazarene's two corresponding teeth should be knocked out.

The Kaïd endeavored to pacify her and advised forgiveness, but finding that he could do nothing he finally dismissed her, promising to see that justice was done, hoping that little by little she would calm down and abandon her project. But at the end of three days back she came, angrier than ever, to demand her rights, and insisting that a formal sentence should be pronounced then and there upon the Christian. "Remember," said she, "you have promised." "Eh!" cried the Kaïd, "you must take me for a Christian too, if you suppose that I am the slave of my word!" For three months did that old woman continue to present herself daily at the entrance to the Citadel, crying out, threatening, and making such a noise generally that the Kaïd at last, to get rid of her, was forced to give in. Sending for the merchant, he set the matter before him, the old woman's grievance, her rights under the law, and the duty required of him by his promise, ending by begging him to put a stop to the affair by consenting to have two of his teeth drawn, any two, it made no difference which so long as, in accordance with the law, they were incisors. But the merchant declined, not only as regarded his incisors, but his eye-teeth and his molars as well, and there was nothing for the Kaïd to do but send the old woman off and tell the guards not to allow her to set foot in the Kasbah again. "Very well," said she; "since there are only degenerate Mussulmans left here, and Mussulman women, the

mothers of the Sherifs, can no longer get justice done them against dogs of infidels, I shall go to the Sultan, and we will soon see if the Prince of the Faithful abjures the law of the Prophet as well." True to her word she set forth on her journey, entirely alone, with an amulet in her breast, a staff in her hand, and a knapsack strapped across her shoulders, and succeeded in walking the entire hundred leagues which divide Mogador from the sacred city of the Empire. On reaching Fez she demanded an interview with the Sultan, and proceeded to state her case, demanding, in accordance with her rights as laid down in the Koran, an application of the law of retaliation. The Sultan exhorted her to show forgiveness, but she persisted. He then explained to her the grave difficulties that stood in the way of satisfying her demands, how the English consul would never give his consent, and the Government would consequently find itself involved in a serious lawsuit; how impossible it was for so trifling a cause to jeopardize the peace of the entire Empire and disturb the good understanding which then existed between the Government of the Sherifs and powerful England. The old Moor remained inexorable. She was now offered, on condition that she would abandon the matter, a sum of money large enough to support her in comfort for the rest of her life. She refused. "What do I want with your money?" said she. "I am old and accustomed to poverty. What I want is two of that Christian's

teeth. I want them, I have a right to them, and I demand them in the name of the Koran; and the Sultan, Prince of the Faithful, head of Islamism, father of his people, cannot refuse to render justice to a Mussulman woman." This obstinacy placed the Sultan in a very awkward position. The law was precise, and her rights under it incontestable, while the popular excitement had been wrought to such a pitch by her inflammatory speeches that it would be dangerous to refuse her demands. The Sultan—it was Abd-er-Rhaman—wrote to the English consul, asking him as a favor to try to persuade his fellow-countryman to allow two of his teeth to be knocked out, to which the merchant replied that he would never agree. Then the Sultan wrote again, promising to concede any mercantile privilege that he might wish in return for his consent; and this time, having been approached through his pocket, the merchant gave in. The old woman left Fez blessing the name of the pious Abd-er-Rhaman and returned to Mogador, where, in the presence of herself and a large gathering of witnesses, two of the Nazarene's teeth were knocked out. When she saw them fall to the ground she gave a howl of triumph and seized them with savage joy. The merchant, however, thanks to the special privileges he enjoyed, made a large fortune in less than two years and returned to England, toothless but happy.

The more closely I study the Moors the more I

incline to believe that the judgment passed upon them by other travellers is not so far wrong as I at first supposed. They agree in pronouncing them to be vipers and wolves, false, cowardly; servile in their dealings with the strong, and overbearing with the weak; devoured by avarice, egotistical, and a prey to the basest passions known to the human heart. How, indeed, can it be otherwise? The nature of the Government and the state of society forbid the exercise of a single manly ambition. They trade and beg, but know nothing of real work of the kind that brings fatigue to the body and peace to the mind. They are debarred from every sort of intellectual enjoyment, paying no attention even to the education of their own children. They have absolutely no noble aims, and give themselves up, in consequence, with their whole souls and throughout their entire lives to money-making, spending what time remains in a drowsy, debilitating idleness, and a gross indulgence of the passions most brutalizing in its effects. This effeminate life naturally tends to render them vain, fond of gossip, small, and malicious. They slander one another in the most spiteful manner; lie habitually and with incredible effrontery; affect to have the most religious and charitable dispositions in the world, being all the time perfectly ready to sacrifice a friend for a scudo; despise knowledge and believe in all manner of vulgar superstitions; bathe daily and permit filth to accumulate in heaps in the

cornersof their houses; and, added to all this, have the arrogance of the Evil one, veiled, when occasion demands, beneath a humble, dignified manner that gives an impression of great kindliness. It was this manner that misled me at first, but I am now quite sure that the very least among them is fully persuaded in the bottom of his heart that he is worth all of us put together. The nomad Arabs preserve at least the austere simplicity of their ancient customs, and the wild Berbers are endowed with a warlike spirit, courage, and the love of freedom; but the others only add to barbarism corruption and pride, and form the most influential portion of the population of the Empire. From their ranks are recruited the merchants, ulemas, tholbas, Kaïds, and Pashas. They own the richest palaces, the largest harems, the most beautiful women, the hidden treasures, and can be recognized at once by their obesity, light complexions, crafty eyes, large turbans, dignified bearing, lassitude, perfumery, and conceit.

Shellal, the Moor, invited us to drink tea at his house. We entered by a narrow passage-way into a dark but very beautiful little court-yard; beautiful, indeed, but as dirty as the dirtiest house in the Alcazar Ghetto. Except the mosaics on the walls and pavement everything was black, encrusted, greasy, disgusting. There were two dark little rooms on the ground-floor, a gallery ran around the second-story,

A Fountain of Fez.



and above the walls rose the parapet of the terrace. The fat Moor placed us in front of his bedroom door, gave us tea and sweetmeats, burned aloes, sprinkled us with rose-water and presented to us two charming little sons, who approached white with terror, and trembled like leaves beneath our caresses. On the opposite side of the court was a young black girl, about fifteen years old, wearing only a tunic, open on one side in such a manner as to display the leg bare from the hip to the foot, and fastened about the waist so that the entire outline of the body could be distinctly traced—verily, the most graceful, elegant, seductive figure of a woman,—I affirm it on the authority of Signor Ussi,—that we have seen in Morocco up to the moment in which I write. She was a slave, and stood leaning against a pilaster, her arms folded across her bosom, regarding us with an air of the most supreme indifference. Soon after another negress came out of a small doorway. She was a woman of about thirty, tall, somewhat severe of aspect, robust, and as straight as the trunk of an aloe-tree. Apparently the new-comer was a favorite of the master of the house, for she approached him familiarly, whispered some words in his ear, pulled a bit of straw out of his moustache, and placed her hand on his mouth with a gesture half-careless, half-caressing, at which the Moor smiled. Raising our eyes, we perceived that the gallery of the second-floor and the parapet of the terrace were lined with female heads,

which promptly disappeared as we looked. It seemed impossible that all these women could belong to the house. No doubt the arrival of the Christians had been announced to all the neighbors, who had forthwith climbed up or jumped down from their respective terraces to that of the house of Shellal. While we were looking three passed close by us, like so many spectres, their faces entirely covered, and disappeared through a small doorway. They were three friends who, having been unable to reach this terrace from their own, had been forced to resign themselves to coming in by the door; we presently saw their heads appearing above the railing of the gallery. The whole house, in short, was turned into a theatre, we being the entertainment. The spectators—all veiled—laughed, chattered in undertones, peeped and jumped back so suddenly that they seemed to be running away. In answer to every movement on our part there came a murmur from above; every time one of us raised his head there was a tremendous commotion in the dress circle. It was plain that they were enjoying themselves collecting material for a month's conversation, and could not contain their delight at finding themselves so unexpectedly confronted by a spectacle as strange as it was rare. And we, nothing if not amiable, allowed them to enjoy the show for nearly an hour, in silence though, and very much bored, that being the effect produced after a little while by all Moorish houses, no matter how courteous

may be the hospitality tendered within them. The reason is that, after having duly admired the beautiful mosaics, the beautiful slaves and the beautiful children, one turns instinctively to look for her who should be the incarnation of domestic life, the charm, the badge of honor of the house, setting her seal upon the hospitality, giving its tone to the conversation and breathing into the soul the vital spark of the lares, for her, in short, who should be the pearl of this shell, and seeing only women on whom the master bestows caresses but not his heart, and sons of unknown mothers, and the whole house centered in one single individual, the hospitality seems but a cold formality, and the host, losing all the attractive qualities of a friend who seeks to do you honor, appears only in the light of a sensual and odious egoist.

There can be no doubt that if these people do not actually hate us they at least do not like us, nor are they without their reasons, both good and bad. Among the descendants of the Spanish Moors, many of whom still have in their possession the keys of Andalusian cities and the title-deeds of houses and estates in Seville and Granada, the hatred for the Spaniards, by whom their ancestors were despoiled, overpowered and banished, is particularly bitter. The others hate all Christians in a general way, this feeling being instilled into them from earliest childhood, in both school and mosque, with a view to rendering them averse to all intercourse with civilized peoples

—intercourse which, by diminishing superstition and ignorance, threatens to lay bare the foundations, both religious and political, of the Empire. There is, moreover, another cause, the vague consciousness, that lies deep in their souls that the countries of Europe represent a spreading, increasing, threatening force which sooner or later is bound to crush them. They can hear France murmuring on their eastern borders, see the Spanish fortifications from the shore of the Mediterranean. Tangier has been already captured by an advance guard of Christians; the cities of the west, mounted guard over by European merchants, are drawn like a chain of scouts along the whole of the Atlantic coast; ambassadors overrun the entire country seemingly only to bring the Sultan gifts, but really, think they, to spy and examine and smell out, and corrupt and prepare the way. They are, in short, in constant expectation of an invasion, and believe that it is to be accompanied by all the horrors that revenge and hatred can invent, persuaded as they are that Christians entertain towards Mussulmans precisely the same sentiments that they entertain towards us. How is it possible for this aversion to give place to more kindly feelings, seeing us, as they do, squeezed into our immodest garments, which outline the entire figure, clad in sinister colors, laden down with memorandum-books, field-glasses, all manner of mysterious instruments, thrusting ourselves in everywhere, making notes, measur-

ing, wanting to know everything? We who laugh all the time and never pray, restless, chattering, drinking, smoking, filled with pretension and niggardliness, possessing but one wife apiece and not a single servant of our own nationality. And so they naturally form gloomy ideas of Europe, thinking of it as an immense gathering of turbulent people, where life is feverish, made up of restless ambitions, unbridled vice, tumults, journeys, reckless enterprises, noise, bustle, the confusion of Babel—a condition most displeasing to God.

Great excitement in the palace to-day owing to the first and only enterprise of a romantic nature attempted by any of the Christians in the personal service of the embassy. This worthy youth, who it seems had begun to weary somewhat of the diplomatic austerity of the life he had been leading for the past forty days, having caught sight, no one knows how, of a lovely Moor pacing back and forth in her garden, fancied (we all have our weaknesses) that she would be unable to resist the fascinations of his handsome person, and without giving a thought to the risk he was running, contrived by means of a hole in the wall to make his way into the forbidden enclosure. Whether on coming up with the nymph he would have made a declaration of love or would have omitted all such preliminaries, and whether the nymph on her part would have lent a favorable ear

or would have fled, screaming, no one can possibly tell, since everything in this country is uncertain; but what we do know is that there suddenly appeared from behind a bush four Moors armed with daggers, two of whom seized him on one side and two on the other, and the unfortunate lover would either have never left the garden at all, or would have done so with several eyelets in his person, had not the Kaïd, Hamed-Ben-Kasen Buhamei, unexpectedly presented himself, and restraining the four Cerberuses with a gesture of command, given the trespasser a chance to carry his skin back to the palace intact. News of the occurrence spread, and there was a great to do. The culprit was severely reprimanded in the presence of all, and the commander, who has a lively wit, added a short address, which produced a profound impression. It was to the effect that other people's wives, especially when they happen to belong to Mussulmans, are to be left severely alone; that when one becomes a member of a European embassy in Morocco he must no longer consider himself a man; that in Mohammedan countries these affairs with women develop very easily into international difficulties, and it would be a pretty responsibility for a worthy young fellow like himself, simply from having failed to resist an inclination of the heart, to involve his country in a war, the consequences of which no one could possibly predict. By this time the unhappy youth, who already saw the Italian fleet, with

a hundred thousand soldiers on board, weighing anchor off the coast of Morocco solely on his account, had become so cast down at the dire nature of his offence that it appeared to be unnecessary to inflict further punishment upon him.

I would very much like to know just what idea these people have of their own military strength and of their personal bravery as compared with the strength and bravery of Europeans. I am afraid to question them directly on this subject, because they are extremely suspicious, and would probably think that I was either ironical or boastful. I have, however, managed by dint of careful handling to find out something without betraying my object. Of our superior military strength I should say they were perfectly conscious. Whatever doubts they may have entertained on that head thirty years ago, when as yet they had never had any really serious quarrel with Europe, were set at rest at once and forever by the French and Spanish wars, and especially by the famous battles of Isly and Tetuan. But as far as courage goes I think that they consider themselves far superior to Europeans. The victories of the latter they attribute to their ordnance, discipline, and tricks (strategy and tactics they call tricks), and not to courage, and victories achieved by these means are not, it would seem, in their estimation, bravely won. The common people add to these advantages

compacts with evil spirits, without whose aid neither guns nor tricks could avail to put to confusion the armies of the Mussulmans. It is quite certain that the quality of courage is not to be denied either to the Arabs or the Berbers—who between them make up most of the fighting force of Morocco—and by this I do not mean merely that universal courageousness which in Europe is allowed by all to be the common property of every army; for even taking into account the nature of the country and the secret aid given by England, the Moorish army, disordered, badly directed, badly armed, badly provisioned, could never have held out as it did for nearly a year, with a tenacity little expected in Europe, against the Spanish forces, disciplined, armed and supplied with every modern offensive device, had it not made up by great personal bravery for the military power that it lacked. One may deny that the term courage can properly be applied to the fanaticism that causes a man to hurl himself against ten others in search of a death that shall open to him the gates of Paradise; the savage fury that causes a soldier to dash out his brains against a stone rather than allow himself to be taken alive; the unreasoning frenzy of the wounded man who tears off the bandages and opens his wounds that he may escape imprisonment by death; the brute persistence that causes men to get themselves killed with no object at all; but we must admit that in all of these instances there is the element of cour-

A Village in the Interior.



age, and it is indisputable that these people gave many and tremendous lessons to Spain. After two months of warfare the Spanish army had taken but two prisoners, one an Arab of the province of Oran, and the other a lunatic who had approached too near to their outposts; while in the sanguinary battle of Castillejos but five of the Moorish force, and all five wounded, fell into the hands of the victors. Their traditional manœuvres are to advance in a body against the enemy, spread out rapidly, approach to within range, discharge their muskets and retire precipitately to reload. In large engagements they dispose themselves in the shape of a half-moon, the infantry and artillery in the centre and the cavalry on the two wings, their aim being to place the enemy between two fires. The commander-in-chief gives a general order, but each captain of a division advances or retires as he thinks the occasion demands, and the army easily slips out of the hands of its chief. They are indefatigable horsemen, excellent marksmen, tenacious when behind a defence, but easily discomfited in the open field. They can crawl like snakes, climb like squirrels, run like wild goats; they fall quickly from a bold attack into a hasty flight, and from a state of courageous exaltation, which resembles insanity, to one of indescribable panic. There are still some Moors in Morocco who were driven crazy by fright at the battle of Isly, and it is well known that at the first cannonade of Marshal Bugeaud Sultan

Abd-er-Rhaman cried: "My horse! My horse!" and leaping into the saddle fled madly away, leaving on the field his musicians, his fortune-tellers, his hunting-dogs, the sacred standard, his parasol, and his tea, which the French soldiers found still boiling.

I meet so many negroes in the streets of Fez that sometimes I almost think I am in one of the towns of the Soudan, and begin to have a vague impression that the Sahara desert must lie between me and Europe. As a matter of fact most of them do come from the Soudan, hardly fewer than three thousand yearly, many of whom, it is said, die in a short time of homesickness. They are usually carried off at the age of eight or ten. Before exposing them for sale the merchants fatten them up with balls of Kuskussú, try to cure them of their homesickness with music, and teach them a few words of Arabic, all of which tends to enhance their value. This is usually thirty francs for a boy, sixty for a girl, about four hundred for a young unmarried woman of seventeen or eighteen, handsome and able to talk, and fifty or sixty for an old man. The Emperor takes five per cent. of all the material imported, and has the right of first choice; the remainder are sold in the markets of Mogador, Fez, and Morocco, and afterwards auctioned off in all the other cities, where the purchasers, tradition says, are so modestly considerate as not to require them to strip themselves in public. They

make no difficulty about embracing Mohammedanism, clinging, however, to many of their singular superstitions and the wild festivities of their own country, consisting for the most part of grotesque dances, lasting sometimes for three consecutive days and nights, accompanied by diabolical music, from which they only desist from time to time in order to swallow, with the greed of animals, all sorts of nasty preparations. For the most part they are employed in private houses, where they are treated with kindness, large numbers of them receiving their freedom in reward for their services, and all are eligible to the very highest offices in the state. But whatever their position they are now feverishly active, now sluggishly idle, as wanton as apes, as cunning as foxes, as savage as tigers, but contented withal, and generally loyal and grateful towards their masters, which it appears is not the case where either the bondage is more severe, as in Cuba, or where the slave enjoys an excessive amount of freedom, as in Europe. The Moorish and Arab women avoid them, and it is very rare for a negro to marry any but a woman of his own color; but among the men, on the contrary, especially among the Moors, negresses are not only eagerly sought after for concubines, but are as readily married as white women; hence the enormous number of mulattoes of every shade that one sees in Morocco. Strange vicissitudes! The poor negro boy who at ten years is sold on the borders of Sahara for

a bag of sugar or a piece of stuff, may, if he have good luck, thirty years later, as Minister of Morocco, discuss the details of a commercial treaty with the English ambassador; and more likely still the black girl baby, born in a dirty cabin and exchanged in the shade of an oasis for a gourd of brandy, may find herself, hardly yet grown, covered with jewels and anointed with perfumes, clasped in the embrace of a Sultan!

For the past few days, as I wander about the streets of Fez, a certain image keeps rising up before me with obstinate persistence. It is that of a great American city, where people are gathered together from all parts of the world; one of those cities which may almost be said to represent the type upon which all new cities are gradually being formed, and whose life it may be is but a sample of what in a century's time all life in cities will be; a city whose image cannot come up before a European beside that of Fez without calling forth a pitying smile, so great is the distance that separates them along the lines of human progress. And yet the longer I dwell in thought upon that other one the more do certain depressing doubts arise. I behold those great streets, straight, interminable, in which, as far as the eye can reach, rise the gigantic poles of the telegraph wires. "It is the closing hour of stores and factories; torrents of workmen, women and children go by—on foot, in omnibuses and tram-cars, almost all proceeding in

Negro Village near the Borders of the Desert.



one direction—towards the outlying districts—and all wearing the same mournful, anxious, weary expression. Dense clouds of smoke issuing from innumerable factory chimneys pour down into the streets, throwing their black shadows athwart the splendid plate-glass windows of the shops, the gilded letters of the signs, which cover the buildings to the very roof, and the hurrying crowd who, with bowed heads, measured tread and swinging arms, flee from the spot where throughout the day they toil in the sweat of their brows. From time to time the sun tears asunder that gloomy veil, which industry has drawn across the capital of labor; but these unexpected, fugitive gleams of light, instead of enlivening the scene, serve only to accentuate its mournfulness. All the faces wear the same expression; every one is in haste to get home, so that he may "economize" to the utmost the few hours of rest that remain after having crowded to their very fullest capacity the long hours of toil. Each one seems to suspect in his neighbor a possible rival. All wear the stamp of isolation. The moral atmosphere breathed by these people is that of rivalry, not charity. Many families live in hotels, a life which condemns the women to idleness and solitude. During the day the husband is away attending to his business, only coming home at the dinner-hour to swallow some food with the rapidity of a man dying of hunger, and then return to his galley. Boys are sent to school at the age of five or six, going back

and forth alone and spending the rest of their time as they choose in the enjoyment of absolute liberty. Of paternal authority there is almost none, and the boys receive no training apart from that of the school, . . . mature rapidly, and prepare themselves almost from infancy for the life of strenuous toil, struggle, hardship, excitement, and adventure that awaits them. The existence of the man is one long *campaign*, an uninterrupted succession of battles, marches, and countermarches. The tenderness and privacy of the domestic hearth play but a very small part in this warlike and feverish career. Is he happy? To judge by his looks, weary, sad, uneasy, frequently pale and unhealthy, it seems very doubtful. This excess of work without relief exhausts his powers, interferes with all intellectual enjoyment, and prevents him from cultivating his mind. And the wife suffers even more from this habit of life than her husband, whom she sees but once during the day for half-an hour at most, and again at night, when, worn out with fatigue, he comes home merely to sleep. She is unable to lighten his burden, or to share his griefs, worries, or labors, because she is ignorant of their nature, want of time making any degree of real intimacy between them impossible." This city is Chicago, and the description was written by Baron Hubner, a great admirer of America. Now the doubt that assails me is this: I do not know which place, Fez or Chicago, fills me with the most compassion. But one

thing I do know, that, were I a Moor of Fez and a Christian should lead me through one of the great cities of civilization and then ask if I were not envious, I would burst out laughing in his face.

This morning Selam recounted to me in his own fashion the famous story of the brigand Arusi. It is one of those innumerable tales which are passed about from mouth to mouth, from the seaboard to the desert; founded, however, upon an actual occurrence of so recent a date that some of the witnesses to it are still living. Soon after the close of the war with France the Sultan Abd-er-Rahman sent a force to punish the inhabitants of the Rif for having set fire to a French vessel. Among the various Sheiks who were notified by the commander of the army to denounce all the culprits known to them was one named Sid-Mohammed-Abd-el-Dijebar, already well advanced in years, who, being jealous of a certain brave and handsome young man named Arusi, gave him up, though quite innocent, to the authorities, hoping that he might be taken under custody to Fez; this in fact was done, but he only remained in prison for one year. On regaining his liberty he went to Tangier, where he stayed for some time; then he disappeared, and for a while nothing more was heard of him. Not long after, however, there began to be a great deal of talk in the Province of Gharb about a certain band of robbers and assassins which infested

the country lying between Rabât and El Araish. Caravans were attacked, merchants robbed, Kaïds roughly handled, the Sultan's soldiers stabbed; in short no one dared any longer to travel through that region of country, while such as managed to escape alive from the hands of the assassins returned to the cities absolutely dazed with terror. Matters had gone on thus for a long time without anyone ever having succeeded in discovering the identity of the leader, when a certain merchant, who revived after having been set upon one moonlight night, brought back word to Tangier that he had recognized among the robbers young Arusi, and the news spread like wildfire throughout Gharb. The leader of the band undoubtedly was Arusi. Many others now recognized him, he was seen in the *duars* and villages by day and night, dressed as a soldier, a Kaïd, a Jew, a Christian, a woman, an ulema. He killed, robbed, and disappeared; chased on all sides, but never caught; always unexpected, always in some fresh guise, capricious, fierce, untiring, and never going very far away from the citadel of El Mamora, a circumstance that puzzled everyone. The reason, however, was not very far to seek, for the Kaïd of the citadel of El Mamora happened to be at that time Sid-Mohammed-Abd-el-Dijebar, he who had delivered Arusi into the hands of the Sultan's general. It so fell out that Sid-Mohammed-Abd-el-Dijebar had bestowed his daughter, a young girl of marvellous beauty named Rahmana, in marriage upon

the son of the Pasha of Sla, who was named Sid Alí. The marriage feast was celebrated with great pomp and magnificence in the presence of all the wealthiest young men of the province, who came on horseback, armed and dressed in their richest garments, to the citadel of El Mamora. Sid Alí was to escort his bride to his father's house in Sla. The cortege issued forth from the citadel by night, the road leading through a narrow defile lying between a chain of wooded hills on the one hand and a sweep of upland downs on the other. An escort of thirty horsemen led the way; behind these came Rahmana mounted upon a mule, between her husband and brother; after Rahmana came the Kaïd, her father, and a crowd of relatives and friends. They entered the gorge, the night was clear, the groom held Rahmana's hand clasped in his, the old Kaïd stroked his beard, everyone was full of mirth and gayety. Suddenly a terrible voice was heard breaking the silence of the night. "Arusi greets thee, oh Sheik Sid-Mohammed-Abd-el-Dijebar!" and at the same instant thirty guns flashed from the summit of a neighboring hill, and thirty reports were heard. Horses, soldiers, relatives, friends dropped dead, or swayed wounded in their saddles, or flew in disorder, and before the Kaïd or Sid Alí, who had neither of them received any injury, could recover from their astonishment a man, a fury, a demon—Arusi, in short—had flung himself from the hill-top, seized Rahmana, placed her on his own saddle, and

galloped off at full speed towards the forest of Mamora. The Kaïd and Sid Alí, both resolute men, instead of abandoning themselves to useless despair, made a solemn oath that they would not shave their heads until they had been fearfully revenged. They asked for and obtained soldiers from the Sultan, and set out in pursuit of Arusi, who, with his band, had taken refuge in the mighty forest of Mamora. It was an exhausting form of warfare, composed entirely of surprises, ambuscades, night attacks, feints, and fierce skirmishes, and was prolonged for over a year, during which time the band was driven little by little to the centre of the forest. The robbers were at length completely surrounded, and the circle was growing smaller and smaller. Many of Arusi's followers had already died of starvation, many had fled, and many been killed in battle. The Kaïd and Alí, now that their end was nearly achieved, grew more and more fierce; they did not close their eyes night or day, and breathed only revenge. But of Arusi and Rahmana nothing could be learned. Some said they had died of want, others declared that they had escaped, while others believed that the bandit had killed both the bride and himself. Sid Alí and the Kaïd began to despair; the further they advanced the thicker grew the trees, the higher and more tangled the underbrush, vines, junipers, and bramble-bushes, so that the horses and dogs were no longer able to open a path. At length one day, as they

were walking in the forest silent and discouraged, an Arab was seen running towards them; he had come from a long distance, and declared that he had seen Arusi hiding among some rushes on the bank of a river at the edge of the forest. The Kaïd assembled his men in hot haste, divided them into two companies, and dispatched them one to the right and the other to the left in the direction of the river. After a long chase the Kaïd was the first to see a phantom-like shape, a man of lofty stature and terrible aspect, who rose up out of the rushes in the distance—Arusi. Everyone flew to the spot, reached it, wheeled about, groped, searched, smelled, but there was no Arusi. They were on the river-bank. "He has crossed to the other side," shouted the Kaïd. Everyone threw himself into the water and made for the opposite shore. Here the ground showed traces of footsteps; they followed them, but all of a sudden they came to an end. "He has jumped into the river again," cried the Kaïd, "and is going to land farther down." The horsemen thereupon started off to gallop along the bank; but just at that moment the Kaïd's attention was attracted by his three dogs, who had stopped and were sniffing about close to a group of rushes. Sid Alí reached the spot first, and found hard by the rushes a deep trench, in the bottom of which were a number of small holes. Jumping into the trench he introduced the barrel of his gun into one of the holes, and, meeting with some resistance, fired—at the same

time calling the Kaïd. Everyone came running up; they searched here and there, and at last discovered a small, round opening in the bank just above the water-level. Arusi had evidently entered his subterranean retreat through this opening. "Dig!" shrieked the Kaïd. The soldiers hastened to procure spades and pickaxes from the neighboring *duars*, returned, and set to work, and before long, breaking through the earthen roof, discovered a cave. . . . . At the end of the cave stood Arusi, immovable and pale as death, his arms hanging motionless at his sides. They seized him unresisting, and dragged him forth; his left eye was gone; then binding him they conveyed him to one of the tents, where he was laid on the ground, and, as a sort of foretaste of revenge, Sid Alí cut his toes off, one by one, with his dagger, throwing them in his face as he did so. This done, he and the Kaïd withdrew to another tent to consult as to what form of torture they should subject him to before beheading him, leaving him meanwhile in the custody of six soldiers. The discussion lasted a long time, as there was a rivalry between them as to which should propose the most horrible torments. Night finally came on, and nothing had yet been suggested that seemed to them bad enough, so postponing the decision till the morning they parted. An hour later the Kaïd and Alí were lying each in his own tent. The night was very dark, not a breath of wind was stirring, not a leaf rustled, nothing could be heard

but the murmur of the river and the regular breathing of the sleepers. Suddenly a terrible voice broke through the stillness. "Arusi greets thee, oh Sheik Sid-Mohammed-Abd-el-Dijebar!" The old Kaïd leaped to his feet in dismay, and heard the rapid beat of a horse's hoofs dying away in the distance. He called the soldiers, who came running to the spot. "My horse! My horse!" he cried, and everyone began searching for it, the most superb animal in the Gharb; but it had disappeared. They ran into Sid Alí's tent, only to find him extended on the ground lifeless, with a dagger driven through his left eye. The Kaïd burst into lamentations, and the soldiers started off in pursuit of the fugitive. For one moment they had a vision of him, like a shade in the distance, then lost him again; once more they saw him, flying like lightning, and after that he disappeared finally from view. They continued the chase nevertheless during the whole night, until reaching at last a place where the forest became very thick they concluded to wait until it should grow lighter before pushing on. Hardly was the sun well up, however, when the Kaïd's horse was seen coming toward them, covered with blood and neighing mournfully. Confident now that Arusi was in the thicket, they unleashed the dogs and advanced, with their weapons held in readiness. After a short walk they arrived at a ruined hut, half-hidden among the trees. The dogs ran to it and stopped, and the soldiers, creeping up be-

hind them on tiptoe, reached the door, levelled their guns, and—let them fall to the ground with a cry of amazement. Extended on the middle of the floor lay the dead body of Arusi, and beside it knelt a beautiful girl, magnificently dressed, with dishevelled hair, who was occupied in binding up the bleeding feet, sobbing, laughing, and murmuring impassioned words of mingled love and despair in a childish voice. It was Rahmana. They took her back to her father's house, where she remained for three days without uttering a word, and then disappeared, being found later among the ruins of the house in the wood digging up the ground with her hands and calling for Arusi. Nor would she consent to leave the spot again. "God," as the Arabs would say, "had recalled her reason to Himself, and she had become a saint." Whether she is still alive or not no one knows. Certain it is that she was living twenty years ago, and that she was seen in her hermitage by Signor Narcisco Cotte, attaché to the French consulate at Tangier, who tells the story himself.

There is now not a corner of Fez that we have left unexplored, and yet at the same time we feel as though we might have arrived yesterday, so unending is the variety which this imposing scene presents of wall and gate, of tower and ruin; so strongly does everything remind us of our own isolation, so impossible do we find it to accustom ourselves

Arab Water Carrier.



to being the objects of universal curiosity. This curiosity has, in fact, not subsided in the least, although by now every inhabitant of Fez must have seen us over and over again. It is the distrust, and it would almost seem a little of the dislike as well, that has disappeared: the children come up close to us and feel our clothes to see what they are made of; the women, it is true, regard us with a surly expression, but they no longer turn their backs outright when they see us coming in the distance; curses are becoming quite rare; the soldiers do not have to use their clubs as formerly, and the blow aimed at Ussi was the first, and I hope the last, that I will have to report on my return to Italy. Although when we walk about the city we are always preceded and followed by just as large crowds as at first, I feel confident that we could go out alone without running the smallest risk of being killed. Already the public, according to the embassy soldiers, has, in pursuance of the Moorish custom, dubbed us with nicknames. The doctor is the "man with the eye-glasses;" the vice-consul, the "man with the hooked nose;" the captain, the "man with the black boots;" Ussi is the "man with the white handkerchief;" the commander, the "man with the short legs;" Biseo is the "red-headed man;" Morteo, the "velvet man," because of his velvet suit; and I am the "man with the broken shoe," because a pain in one of my feet obliged me to cut a long slit in one shoe. They discuss our

affairs, it seems, a great deal, and think us all very ugly, without making any exception, not even in favor of the cook, who, by the way, received this piece of information with a derisive laugh, at the same time clapping his hand over his waistcoat pocket, where he carries a letter from his sweetheart. It strikes me that they also either think us ridiculous or pretend they do, because on the street every time one of us stumbles, or knocks his head against the branch of a tree, or loses his hat, they all laugh with a certain ostentation. Notwithstanding all this and the variety of the sights, this population, all of one color, with no apparent distinction of rank, the absence of all noise except the everlasting patter of slippers and flapping of cloaks, the veiled women, the blind, silent houses, the life so full of mystery, ends by palling on us dreadfully. The inhabitants are alive, the city dead. At sunset we must be indoors, nor are we permitted to go out again. Every form of business stops at nightfall, every sign of life or movement. Fez then becomes nothing but a vast necropolis, where if a human voice by any chance be heard, it is either the shout of a lunatic or the cry of some one being attacked; while should one insist upon going out for a ramble at all costs, he must be accompanied by a patrol with loaded guns and a troop of carpenters to break down the gates which bar the road at every three hundred feet. By day the city can furnish no other news beyond the account of a

woman found dead in the street with a dagger driven into her heart, the departure of some small caravan, the arrival of a governor or sub-governor of a province, who is to be thrown into prison, the flogging of some miscreant, a fête in honor of one of the saints,—when we can hear the firing from the palace,—and other matters of the same sort, all told us by Mohammed Ducali or Shellal, our two walking daily chronicles. These bits of news, and what goes on before my eyes every day, combine, with the strange life I am leading, to give me the most remarkable dreams at night, visions of decapitated heads, deserts, harems, prisons, Fez, Timbuctu, Turin, so that I awake in the morning with my head in a whirl, and not sure at first what world I am in. How many beautiful, grotesque, horrible, absurd, and strange figures will remain for all time imprinted upon my memory! My brain is full of them, and sometimes when I am alone I pass them in review, one at a time, like the slides in a magic-lantern, with an inexpressible sense of enjoyment. First comes Sid-Buker, a mysterious personage who, three times a day, enveloped in a great gray cloak, with lowered head and half-closed eyes, as pale as death, as furtive as a ghost, glides into the palace, and after holding a private conference with the ambassador, disappears unseen by anyone, like some spectral apparition. Then Síd-Músa's favorite servant, a very handsome young mulatto, endowed with a childlike grace and princely elegance

of mien; fresh, smiling, he runs and leaps up and down the stairway and greets us with a sort of coquetry, bowing low with one hand extended as though wafting us a kiss. Then one of the soldiers of the guard, a native Berber, born in the Atlas mountains; his is a sanguinary countenance that one cannot behold without a shudder. Every time we meet he fixes upon me a cold, steady, treacherous stare, as though he were then considering the expediency of shooting me; and the more I try to avoid him the oftener do I encounter him, until it almost seems as though he must guess the repulsion with which he inspires me and take a satanic pleasure in exciting it. Then comes a decrepit old woman, whom I saw one day in a mosque door, naked from head to foot, except for a rag wound about her loins, her head shaved as clean as the palm of my hand, and her body wasted to such a degree that the sight called forth an exclamation of horror from me, and I could feel the blood rush to my head. The next one is the figure of a Moorish woman who was entering her house one day as we passed by; just before closing the door she hastily threw back her *haïk*, giving us an opportunity to observe her charming graceful form, then, with a coquettish glance, banged to the door. And next it is a very old shopkeeper, with a face half-comical, half-sinister, so bent that as he sits in the rear of his dark little niche his chin almost rests on his feet; he keeps only one eye open, and that

barely so, until some passer-by happening to peer in his shop, it suddenly opens to an extraordinary extent, and gleams with an expression of mocking amusement, most disconcerting to the intruder. And then a pretty little ten-year-old Moorish girl, with her hair hanging down her back, dressed in a white tunic fastened about the waist with a green sash, who, as she was in the act one day of climbing down from one terrace to another, caught her draperies on the projecting end of a brick and dangled there, revealing more than one secret to the air of heaven. Conscious of being seen from the embassy palace, and quite unable to get either up or down, she began screaming like a maniac, whereupon all the women came running out on the neighboring terraces shrieking with laughter. Then there is the gigantic crazy mulatto, who, possessed by a fixed idea that the Sultan's soldiers are after him to cut off one of his hands, flies through one street after another like a shade pursued, waving his right arm excitedly as though it were already mutilated, and giving vent to piercing cries that resound from one quarter of the city to the other. There are many, many more, but the one who arrests my attention the longest of all is a negro, fifty years old, one of the palace servants, not much over three feet high, and pretty nearly as broad, a cheerful, contented soul, always smiling, with his whole mouth twisted around to his right ear. His is the most absolutely grotesque, absurd, ridiculous

figure that ever was seen under heaven. In vain do I bite my lips, tell myself that it is ignoble to laugh at the sight of human deformity, try to shame myself in a thousand ways, the laugh will come in spite of all my efforts to suppress it. It seems as though there must be some underlying, mysterious design of Providence in that strange shape, though, Heaven forgive me, the only thing I can think of is that I would like to buy him for a pipe.

As the day of our departure begins to approach merchants assemble in crowds in the palace, and everyone is buying furiously. Rooms, halls, and court-yards are turned into gay bazaars ; in all directions are long rows of vases, embroidered slippers, dishes, cushions, rugs, and *haïks*. Everything in Fez, most profusely gilded, most covered with arabesques, most highly thought of, is displayed temptingly before us during these last few days. It is interesting to see the manner of conducting business among these people ; not a word is uttered, not a smile seen, a simple movement of the head to signify yes or no, and at the conclusion, whether they have sold anything or not, they move off looking just as much like automatons as when they came. Among the rest it is a fine sight to see the artists' room turned into a broker's shop, full of saddles, stirrups, guns, caftans, torn scarves, earthenware, barbarous-looking ear-rings, old belts made for women, come

Riffian from the Atlas Mountains.



Heaven only knows from whence, and which may many a time have felt the pressure of the imperial embrace, while it may be that next year they will gleam out of some imposing picture exhibited at Naples or Philadelphia. But there is one line of articles which is entirely absent, and that is any kind of object of antiquity or relic of the various peoples who from time to time have conquered or colonized Morocco. It is indeed a well-known fact that such articles are frequently dug out of the ground or picked up among the ruins, but there is no way of getting possession of them; everything that is found belongs to the authorities, and hence whoever happens to discover anything, promptly hides it, while the authorities themselves are so utterly ignorant of their real value, that they destroy or sell as useless stuff what little does come into their possession; thus a few years since, when a horse and some statuettes of bronze were found in a well near an ancient aqueduct, they were broken in pieces and sold for old copper to a Jew dealer.

I have had a lively discussion to-day with a merchant of Fez, my object being to find out, if possible, the views held by Moors on the subject of European civilization, making no effort, except what was necessary to spur him on, to refute his arguments. He is a handsome Moor, about forty years old, with a good, somewhat severe type of face, who has had occasion

to visit, in the way of business, almost all the principal cities of Western Europe, and has also spent a good deal of time in Tangier, where he picked up a little Spanish. I had already had some conversation with him on the preceding day touching a small piece of stuff woven out of silk and gold thread, whose beauty he valued at ten *marenghi;* but to-day, alluding to his travels, I succeeded in drawing him out to such an extent that his companions sat by in amazement, listening without being able to understand a word. I asked him, first, what impression the great capitals of Europe had made on him, without, however, expecting any great expression of astonishment, because I know, as everyone else does, that of the four or five hundred Moors who visit Europe in the course of every year, the greater part return to their own country more stupidly fanatical, when they are not more depraved and vicious, than before; and if they are astounded at the grandeur of our streets and the extent of our industries, not one seems to have his spirit moved within him, his imagination fired, or to feel himself spurred on to do, and endeavor, and imitate; not one is convinced of the total inferiority of his own country; or, at all events, if he is he is not going to run the risk of expressing such unpopular sentiments, and still less attempt to diffuse them, for fear of bringing upon himself the charge of being a renegade Mussulman, an enemy of his country.

"What do you think," I asked, "of our large

cities?" He regarded me fixedly, and answered coldly:

"Wide streets, fine shops, handsome palaces, great factories . . . . and all clean."

And with that he seemed to have said all he could in our favor.

"Did you see nothing else that seemed to you either admirable or beautiful?" I asked. He looked at me as though he would inquire on his side what else I could possibly suppose he would find to admire. "Possibly," I ventured, "a man of your intelligence, who has been to so many countries, all so wonderfully different and superior to his own, might allude to them with a little wonder, or at least the animation of a boy from the *duar* who has seen for the first time a pasha's palace. What is there in all the world that will surprise you then? What sort of people are you? Who can possibly understand you?"

"*Perdone, Usted,*" he answered, coldly, "I can only say that *I* do not understand *you.* When I have enumerated all the things in which I think you are superior to us, what more do you wish me to say? You want to know what I think? Well, I think your streets are wider than ours, that your shops are handsomer, that you have factories, that we have not, and that your palaces are very fine. It seems to me that there is nothing more left to say. There is still another thing that I could mention, but which you know quite as well as I, since you have books

and read—" I made an impatient gesture. "No, do not be impatient, *Caballero*," he continued, tranquilly. "You admit that the first duty of man, the first thing that commands respect, and that constitutes the most important indication of the superiority of one country over another, is honesty, is it not? Well, in the matter of honesty I do not consider that your people are one whit better than ours, that is one thing."

"Softly," said I; "you must first explain what you mean by that word honesty."

"I mean commercial honesty, *Caballero*. The Moors, for instance, sometimes cheat the Europeans in trade, but the Europeans cheat the Moors much oftener."

"Such instances must be very rare," said I, for something to say.

"*Casos raros!*" he exclaimed, growing warm. "It happens every day!" (And here I only wish it were possible to give any idea of his broken, childish, excited way of talking.) "Examples! Examples! I at Marseilles! I am in Marseilles, I buy cotton, I select the warp; this quality, I say, this number, this stamp, so much, send. I pay, I leave, arrive in Morocco, receive the cotton, open it, look at it—the same number, the same stamp, the warp three times smaller! Good for nothing! Thousands of francs lost! I fly to the consul . . . . no use. *Otro*, another. A merchant of Fez orders light-blue cloth

from Europe. So many pieces, such a width, so many lengths, it is agreed upon and paid for. He gets the cloth, opens it, measures it; the top pieces are all right, the next shorter, the last are half a metre short! They will not do for cloaks—the merchant is ruined. *Otro, otro.* A merchant of Morocco orders a thousand metres of gold braid from Europe, to be used on uniforms, and forwards the money. The braid arrives, cut in pieces, sewed together, rolled up . . . . brass! *Yotros, yotros, yotros!*" So saying, he raised his face to the sky, and then turning quickly towards me repeated, "You more honest?"

I again remarked that these must be very exceptional cases, to which he made no reply.

"You more religious?" he presently continued. "No!" and then, after a moment, "One need only enter your mosques once."

"Just tell me," said he, encouraged by my silence, "do fewer *matamientos* (murders) take place in your country than here?"

I was somewhat at a loss what answer to make. What would he have said had I confessed that in Italy alone three thousand murders are committed every year, and there are ninety thousand prisoners, counting those awaiting trial and those already convicted.

"I think not," he said, reading the truth in my face.

Not feeling myself very sure on this ground I changed the subject, and introduced the usual attack on polygamy. He bounded as though I had struck him.

"Always that!" he cried, getting red to the tips of his ears. "Always that! as though you had but one wife apiece. You expect us to believe that! Only one may belong to you, but whose are all those others? Paris! London! The cafés, the streets, the theatres, all full of them, and you undertake to reprove the Moors!" and so saying, he ran his fingers, trembling with excitement, along his rosary, looking around from time to time with a slight smile, intended to show me that his indignation was not kindled against me personally, but against Europe in general. Seeing that this was a matter he took too seriously I again shifted my ground, and asked him if he did not recognize how much more convenient our way of living was than theirs, and here he was very amusing, his answers being evidently all prepared.

"True," said he, ironically. "True! Sun? parasol. Rain? umbrella. Dust? gloves. Walk? stick. See? eye-glasses. Ride? carriage. Sit down? springs. Eat? implements. A scratch? the doctor. Death? a statue. How many things you must have! What Men. *Por Dios!* What children!"

In short, he was unwilling to admit anything in our favor; he even laughed at our architecture.

"No, no," he said, when I spoke of the conveni-

ences of our houses. "There are three hundred people in one dwelling, all on top of one another, and it is nothing but climb, climb, climb; and there is not enough air or light, and no garden."

Then I spoke of our laws, of government, of liberty, and other matters of a similar nature, and since he was a man of some penetration I did seem to succeed, if not in making him actually realize the enormous difference that exists in these particulars between his country and Europe, at least in making some faint glimmer of light reach his brain. Seeing that he would be unable to hold his own here he suddenly changed the subject, and looking me over from head to foot said, smilingly, "*Mal vestidos*" (badly dressed). I replied that dress was a matter of trifling importance, and asked if he did not recognize as another proof of our superiority the fact that, instead of spending so much of our time idly seated cross-legged on a mattress, we occupied ourselves in a thousand different ways, both useful and amusing. He returned a more profound answer than I had at all expected, saying that it did not strike him as a good sign, this everlasting necessity for occupation in order to pass away the time. Was life then a penance in itself, that we were unable to spend one hour without doing something, without some sort of distraction? Were we afraid of ourselves? Was there some inward torment?

"But just look," said I, "at the spectacle your

streets present; what solitude, what silence, what misery. Were you ever in Paris? Just compare the Parisian streets with those of Fez." And now he was really sublime. He jumped to his feet laughing, and then more with gestures than in words drew a mocking picture of the appearance of our streets.

"Go, come, run; wagons here, carriages there; deafening noise; drunken men staggering along; gentlemen buttoning up their coats for fear of pick-pockets; policemen at every step, looking around as though they expected a thief at every step as well; children and old people running the risk every moment of being knocked down by the carriages of the rich; bold-looking women, and even young girls who look men full in the face, and behave in all sorts of unbecoming ways; and everyone with a cigar in his mouth; and on all sides people going in and out of shops to gorge and drink liquor, to have their hair brushed, to look at themselves, to be gloved; and the dandies, lounging in front of the cafés, who whisper things in the ears of other people's wives as they go by; and what a ridiculous way of bowing and walking on the points of the feet, swaying and hopping; and great heavens, what womanish curiosity!" and here he waxed indignant, telling how one day in a small town in Italy, having gone out dressed in the Moorish fashion, he was immediately surrounded by a great crowd of persons, who ran behind and before him, laughing and calling out, and would hardly let

him walk along, so that he was at last obliged to return to his hotel and change his clothes. "And is not that the way you do in your country? You ask me? I say to that that it is perfectly natural that it should be done here, where they never see any Christians, but in your country, where our manner of dress is perfectly well known from the pictures, sending artists here as you do with machines and colors to take our portraits, among you who know everything, does it not seem to you that such things ought not to happen?" And having thus relieved his feelings he smiled courteously at me, as much as to say "All of which need not prevent us two from being good friends."

The conversation turned next upon European industries, railroads, the telegraph, and other great works of public utility. Of these he allowed me to talk without interrupting me once, even occasionally nodding assent. When I had concluded, however, he only gave a sigh, and said:

"But after all, of what use are these things, since we must all die?"

"Well then," I said at length, "you would not exchange your condition for ours?"

He remained thoughtful for a little while, and then answered:

"No, as you live no longer than we, and are no healthier, nor better, nor more religious, nor more contented. So let us alone in peace. Why should you

wish everyone to live as you do, and to be happy in your fashion? Let every one remain in the condition in which Allah has placed him. It is for some good reason that Allah has caused a sea to roll between Africa and Europe; let us then respect his decrees."

"And do you believe," I asked, "that you will always remain just so? That we will not make you change little by little?" "I do not know," he replied; "you are the stronger, and you will do as you choose. Everything that is going to happen is already written, but whatever may occur, Allah will never abandon the faithful." And with these words he took my right hand, pressed it to his heart, and moved off with stately tread.

This morning at sunrise I went to see the Sultan review the garrison, which he does three times a week, in the square where the embassy was received. As I went out of the Butter Niche Gate I saw a sample of the artillery manœuvres. A crowd of soldiers, old and middle-aged men and boys, all dressed in scarlet, were running along behind a small gun drawn by a mule. It was one of the twelve field-pieces presented by the Spanish Government to Sultan Sid-Mohammed after the war of 1860. Every now and then the mule would slip, or turn aside, or stop outright, and then the entire childish rabble would begin shouting and belaboring, jumping about

and laughing as though they were escorting a carnival car. In the course of twenty feet they had stopped half a dozen times; every moment some fresh accident would occur. Now they dropped the bucket, now the rammer, now some other object, everything being hung on the gun-carriage. The mule zig-zagged on according to his fancy, or rather in the direction in which he was impelled by the gun as it came rolling down the small declivities after him. Everyone issued orders, which no one obeyed. The big ones cuffed the smaller, and they in turn the little ones, who cuffed each other, and the gun meanwhile was nearly in the same spot as at first. It was a scene to have given General Lamarmora brain fever. On the left bank of the River of Pearls about two thousand infantry soldiers were assembled, some of them stretched full length on the ground, some standing about in groups. In the square, between the river and the walls, a detachment of artillery were firing at a mark. They had four guns, and in their midst stood a tall, white figure—the Sultan—his outline barely visible from where I stood. He seemed to address some words to the soldiers from time to time, as though he were giving them advice. On the opposite side of the square, near the bridge, there was a group of Moors, Arabs, and negroes, both men and women, city and country people, gentle-folks and peasants, all standing close together, and waiting, I was told, until the Sultan should call them up

one after another, when each would have some favor to ask or act of justice to demand, the Sultan holding these audiences three times a week for the benefit of all who wish to speak with him. Some of those unfortunates may have come from far-away towns or districts to complain of the tyranny of a Governor or to implore pardon for relatives languishing in prison. There were ragged women and feeble old men, and all their faces were weary and sad; in each one could be plainly read longing impatience, combined with a dread of being at last brought face to face with the Prince of the Faithful, the supreme judge who in a few moments, and with a few words, would decide their fate perhaps for the rest of their lives. As far as I could see they had nothing in their hands or at their feet, so I think that the present Sultan must have abolished the custom which once existed of always accompanying a demand with a gift of some sort, which was never refused, even if it were only a pair of chickens or a basket of eggs. I walked about a little among the soldiers; the youths were divided up into groups of thirty or forty, and were amusing themselves by chasing or jumping over one another, placing their hands for the latter exercise on each other's shoulders. In some parties, however, the fun consisted in a sort of pantomime, which, as soon as the meaning became clear to me, made me shudder. It represented cutting off hands and heads, and various other forms of punishment, which no

Fez. A Public Celebration.



doubt they had frequently seen administered themselves. One boy would act the part of the Kaïd, another that of the executioner, and a third would represent the victim, this last, when his hand had been cut off, for instance, pretending to plunge the stump in pitch, while another, picking up the severed hand, would make as though he were tossing it to the dogs, and thereupon all the spectators would laugh. The vicious look of these soldiers is not to be described. There were all shades and colors, from ebony-black to orange, and not one of them, even among the youngest, retained the smallest trace of the ingenuousness of youth, there being a something hard, bold, sneering or cynical about them all that aroused one's compassion rather than indignation. It does not, however, require any very great discernment to perceive how impossible it is for them to be otherwise. The men meanwhile, for the most part, lay stretched on the ground dozing; others danced like negroes in the middle of a circle of spectators, going through all manner of buffooneries and grimaces; others were fencing with their swords in the same way I had seen this exercise conducted in Tangier, skipping about like tight-rope dancers. The officers, many of whom were renegades easily recognized by their features, pipes, and a certain nameless care about their dress, walked somewhat apart, and avoided my eye when I happened to meet any of them. Beyond the bridge, in a sequestered spot,

there were about twenty men wrapped in white cloaks, who lay stretched beside one another on the ground, all as immovable as statues. Drawing near, I saw that their arms and legs were bound with heavy chains. They were criminals convicted of minor offences, carried about by the troops in order to expose them thus in the pillory. On my approach they all turned their heads and regarded me with an expression that made me glad to turn my back. Leaving the neighborhood of the soldiers, I went to rest beneath the shade of a palm-tree which grew on a small hillock overlooking the entire plain. I had been there but a few moments when I observed an officer detach himself from a group and come slowly towards me, looking about and humming to himself as though not wishing to attract attention. He was a short, thick-set man, dressed in a sort of zouave costume, surmounted by a fez, carried no arms, and looked to be about forty. As I got a closer view of his face I was conscious of a feeling of repulsion. I had never seen in the dock of any criminal court a more treacherous countenance, and would have taken my oath that he had at least a dozen murders on his conscience, with indignities to the bodies thrown in. He stopped when he was about two feet away, and fixing a pair of expressionless eyes upon me, said coldly: "*Bon jour, Monsieur.*" I asked if he were French, and he replied that he was, having come from Algeria seven years previously, and now

held the rank of captain in the Moroccoan army. As I was unable to congratulate him I said nothing.

"*C'est comme ça*," he continued lightly. "I left Algeria because I did not care to be seen there any longer. *J'étais obligé de vivre dans un cercle trop étroit.* (Perhaps he meant a halter.) The European manner of life did not suit my temperament; I felt that I needed a change of country."

"And you are satisfied here?" I asked.

"More than satisfied," said he in an affected tone. "The country is beautiful, Mulai el Hassan the best of Sultans, the people are kindly, I am a captain, have a little shop, conduct a small industry. I hunt, fish, go off on trips to the mountains, and enjoy the most absolute liberty. I would not return to Europe, look you, for all the gold in the world." "You do not even care to revisit your own land? Have you entirely forgotten even France?" "What is France to me? As far as I am concerned France no longer exists; my country is Morocco;" and he shrugged his shoulders. This cynicism revolted me; indeed I could could hardly believe that it was altogether genuine, and felt curious to probe it a little further.

"Since leaving Algeria," I asked, "have you heard nothing of what has gone on in Europe?" "*Pas un mot*," he replied. "No one here knows about anything, and for my part I am perfectly satisfied not to know anything." "Then you have not heard that there has been a great war between France and Prus-

sia?" He started. "*Qui a vaincu?*" he demanded, with a certain amount of vivacity, and fastening his eyes upon me. "Prussia," said I. He made a gesture of astonishment. I then briefly recounted to him the reverses France had met with, the invasion, capture of Paris, and loss of the two provinces. He stood listening with lowered head and frowning brow. Then recovering himself, said roughly: "*C'est égal —je nai plus de patrie—ça ne me regarde pas*," and dropped his head again; then seeing that I was watching him, he said suddenly, in an altered voice, "*Adieu, Monsieur*," and walked quickly away. "Everything is not quite dead in him yet," thought I, and extracted some comfort out of the fact. Meanwhile the artillery had ceased firing, the Sultan had taken his seat in a white pavilion at the foot of one of the towers, and the soldiers began defiling before him one by one, without their arms, and about twenty feet apart. As no officer stood either beside the Sultan nor facing the pavilion to call out the names, as is done with us in order to prove the existence of all the men who figure on the roll (it is even said that there are no rolls in the Moroccoan army), I could not see precisely what end was served by this review other than the entertainment of the Emperor, and for a moment I felt inclined to laugh, but only for one moment, for in the next I realized how much there was that was primitive and politic in this custom of that young African monarch,

High Priest and absolute Prince, simple-minded and kindly, who three times a week sat there for three hours under his tent watching his soldiers defile before him one by one and listening to the prayers and complaints of his unhappy people, and I was filled instead with a very profound feeling of respect. That was the last time I saw him. "Farewell," I said, as I moved away, with a sensation of real liking, "Farewell, handsome, noble Prince!" And as his graceful white figure faded from my eyes I knew that it was being engraven forever upon my heart.

June ninth. Last day of the Italian embassy's visit to Fez. The ambassador's demands have all been acceded to, Ducali's and Shellal's affairs satisfactorily arranged, the farewell visits made, Síd Músa's last dinner endured, the customary gifts been received from the Sultan. These last consist of a handsome black horse, with an enormous green-velvet saddle, trimmed with gold braid, for the ambassador; gilded and chased swords for the official members of the embassy, and a mule for the second dragoman. The tents and packing-boxes were started off this morning; the rooms are dismantled, the mules are ready, the escort awaits us at the Butter Niche Gate; my companions are walking up and down in the court-yard waiting for the hour of departure, while I, seated for the last time upon my imperial

couch, with my note-book on my knee, jot down my final impressions of Fez. And what are they? What is the impression that the sight of this city, this people, this state of society, has ended by making on my mind? Hardly have I succeeded in penetrating through the first layer of wonder and gratified curiosity than I find a mixture of conflicting sensations that land me in uncertainty. There is a sentiment of pity, called forth by the degeneracy, the decadence, the suffering of this nation of warriors and horsemen, which once made so luminous a mark on the history of science and art, and now is not so much as aware of its own departed glory; a sentiment of admiration for what still remains to it of strength and beauty, of dignity, manliness, and grace, as seen in the mode of dress, customs, ceremonies, all, in short, that is left of its ancient simplicity, in the sad, silent life of to-day; a sentiment of uneasiness at the sight of such barbarism at so short a distance from civilization, since in this same civilization the power to rise to higher levels seems to be so disproportionate to the power to expand, if in all these centuries of constantly increasing strength it has never yet succeeded in advancing two hundred miles in this direction; a sentiment of indignation at the thought that civilized states oppose to the great object of the civilization of this part of Africa their little private, mercantile interests, and by thus belittling in the eyes of these people, through the display of their petty rivalries,

Outside the Walls of Fez.



both their own authority and the order of things they wish to introduce, render the common object even slower and more difficult of accomplishment, and finally a sentiment of keen pleasure, at the thought that here in this country as well I have formed in my mind still another little world, peopled alive, filled with new characters who will live in my thoughts for the rest of my life, ready to start into being at my word, with whom I can associate at will, and re-live my life in Africa. But this agreeable thought gave rise to a melancholy one as well, that inevitable reflection that throws its shadow across every peaceful hour, the drop of bitterness in every cup of pleasure . . . . the same thought that the Moorish merchant had expressed when he spoke of the vanity of all the efforts made by civilized peoples to study, search out, discover—and this delightful journey seemed like nothing but the rapid enacting of a beautiful scene in an hour's play, the play of life—the pencil dropped from my fingers, and I sat plunged in melancholy thoughts. . . . Ah, Selam's voice calling me! It is time to start then! Time to return to the life of the tent, the warlike salutes, the wide, open plains, the broad light, the cheerful, healthy existence of the camp. Farewell Fez! Farewell discomfort! My little African world grows rose-colored once more.

MEQUINEZ.

MEQUINEZ.

After twenty-four days of city life the caravan made the same lively impression upon me as when I saw it for the first time. Not that there was anything new; all was unchanged save that the Moor, Shellal, now rode beside Mohammed Ducali. His affairs had, it is true, been amicably adjusted, but he deemed it wiser to proceed to Tangier under the ambassador's wing rather than remain in Fez under that of his own Government. In addition to this, an acute observer might have read in our faces, if he were a pessimist, a certain expression of regret, or if an optimist, of satisfaction, the result of a profound conviction, shared by all, that we were leaving behind us in the illustrious capital of the Empire not one broken-hearted belle, not a single offended husband, no distracted family circles, not so much as the hem of a feminine *haïk* profaned at our hands; and then, too, on every face there shone a look of intense delight at being fairly off on the return trip, on as much of them, that is to say, as was visible beneath the umbrellas, veils and handkerchiefs with which nearly all were endeavoring to protect their heads from the

burning sun and choking dust. Ah me! there lay the real difference. The May sun had changed to that of June, the thermometer registered 107⅜° (Fahrenheit) when we started, and ahead of us lay two hundred miles of African soil. This reflection embittered not a little the satisfaction we would otherwise have felt at getting away from Fez without having any cause for remorse. To reach Tangier we were to proceed first to Mequinez, go from thence to El Araish, follow the Atlantic coast as far as Azîla, and then turn inland to Ain Daliya, where we had camped on the first night of the journey. Mequinez is about fifty kilometres from Fez, and it took us three days to get there. The country along the route presented no new features worthy of note, being just like that through which we had travelled on our way to the capital; the same fields of wheat and barley, in many of which, however, the reapers were now at work; the same black *duars*, the same vast stretches of open country, covered with lentisks and dwarf palms; the same wide views of undulating ground, rocky hills, the dried beds of small torrents, solitary palm-trees, white *kubbas*, an utter peace, and an infinite melancholy. Owing, however, to the vicinity of the two large cities we met more people than we had even done on the journey from Tangier to Fez. Caravans of camels, large droves of cattle; dealers conducting troops of beautiful horses to the Fez market; saints preaching in the wilderness; couriers on

foot and mounted; peasants armed with scythes, going to reap in the fields; and occasionally a wealthy Moorish family travelling up to Fez, with all its servants and household goods. One of these families, that of a wealthy Mequinez merchant, whom Ducali knew, formed in itself a long caravan. First came two servants armed with muskets, and behind them the head of the family, a handsome, severe-looking man, with a black beard and white turban, riding a richly caparisoned mule. He held the reins and a child of two or three years, who was on the saddle in front of him, with one hand, while with the other he clasped the two hands of a woman, completely veiled —possibly the favorite wife—who rode behind him all huddled up into a ball and holding on to him tightly beneath the armpits, as though trying to suffocate him (perhaps she was terrified at the sight of us); other women, their faces hidden as well, rode after the master, mounted on mules; armed relatives, boys, servants, negresses with infants in their arms; Arab servants on foot, carrying guns over their shoulders; mules and donkeys laden with mattresses, pillows, cushions, bedclothing, dishes, parcels; and finally more foot-servants carrying cages containing little dogs and parrots. As we went by the women held their *haïks* more closely before their faces; the merchant did not so much as look at us; the relatives glanced uneasily in our direction, and two children began crying.

On the third day our attention was distracted from such sights as these by a most unfortunate occurrence. Poor Dr. Miguerez was seized at our second halting-place by a severe attack of sciatica, and was obliged to make the rest of the journey to Mequinez on a sort of improvised litter, manufactured out of a hammock and a couple of tent-poles, and swung from the backs of two mules. This misfortune threw a gloom over everyone. The caravan separating into two divisions; it was a truly depressing spectacle to see, as we frequently did, that litter come slowly into view and then as slowly descend from some height in our rear, surrounded by mounted soldiers, muleteers, servants, and friends, all of them as grave and silent as though it were a funeral cortege. From time to time they would halt and all bend anxiously over the invalid, then motion to us, watching from a distance, that our poor friend was worse. It was, as I say, a mournful sight, and yet it added a feature both charming and picturesque to the caravan, making us look like the escort of some wounded Sultan. The first day we pitched our camp in the plain of Fez, the second on the right bank of the river Mduma, about a five hours' journey from Mequinez, and it was here that a very pleasant little incident took place. Towards evening we all walked along the river-bank to a spot about half a mile from the camp, and near a large *duar*, all the inhabitants of which came to meet us. There was a bridge at this point, built of

masonry, having a single arch, in the Arab style, old, but except in a few places where it had crumbled a little, perfectly firm and solid; alongside of it were the remains of another bridge, part of which were built into the steep rocky banks and part lying heaped up in the river-bed. On the left bank, about fifty feet from the bridge, lay the ruins of a great wall, the traces of some foundations, some heaps of stones, and some blocks of cut stone, apparently once forming part of a building of considerable size. The surrounding country was entirely bare. These were the remains, it was said, of an Arab city called Mduma, built upon the ruins of another city antedating the Mussulman invasion. We accordingly set to work to see if we could possibly discover any indications of Roman construction, but either there were none, or we failed to identify them, to the manifest delight of the Arabs, who no doubt thought we were searching, by the aid of our diabolical books, for some treasure hidden there by the *Rumli* (Romans), from whom, according to them, all Christians are directly descended. Captain di Boccard, however, as he was recrossing the bridge to return to the camp, noticed in the river below, on top of a huge rock almost pyramidal in shape, some small square stones, upon which certain characters seemed to be engraved, and the circumstance of their position, as though they had been placed there to be seen from the bridge above, strengthened this idea. The captain an-

nounced his intention of going to examine them, and everyone thereupon tried to dissuade him. The river-banks were steep, the bed was filled with great masses of sharp rocks lying at some distance from one another, the current was extremely rapid, and the rock upon whose summit the stones lay not only very high, but very difficult if not impossible of access. But Captain di Boccard is one of those people who, when once his mind is set upon a risky undertaking, considers the matter as settled; either he gets killed or he succeeds. We had not yet finished enumerating our reasons against his going when he had begun climbing down to the river, almost as he was, even to his riding-boots and spurs. A hundred or so Arabs stood watching, some on each bank of the river, and the rest hanging over the side of the bridge. No sooner had they taken in where it was that the captain proposed climbing to than—the undertaking seeming to them quite desperate—they all began to laugh, and when he reached the river and paused, looking all about him for the best way to proceed, they thought that he was afraid, and raised a derisive shout.

"None of us," said one of them in a loud tone, "has ever been able to get up there; let us see if a Nazarene is more likely to succeed."

It is quite certain that none of the rest of us Italians would have done so, but it so happened that the man who was making the attempt was the most active

member of the embassy. The laughter of the Arabs gave him his final impetus. He gave a leap, disappeared among the bushes, reappeared standing on a rock, disappeared again, and so went on from stone to stone, jumping like a cat, sliding, climbing, running constant risks of falling into the river or breaking his neck, and finally reached the base of the rock, when, without so much as waiting to take breath, laying hold of every little irregularity and indentation on its surface, he proceeded to climb to the very summit, where he stood a moment erect as a statue. We heaved a mighty sigh of relief, the Arabs were transfixed with astonishment, the honor of Italy was safe. The captain, like a haughty conqueror, did not deign to bestow so much as a glance upon his vanquished foes, and only pausing long enough to satisfy himself that the supposed historical stones were merely some fragments of cement, which had become detached from the parapet of the bridge, descended by another way, and with a few leaps was once more on the bank, where he was received with triumphant honors.

The journey from Mduma to Mequinez was a series of such extraordinary optical delusions and disillusions that had it not been for the terrible heat we should have found it very entertaining. About two hours, or very little more, after leaving the camp, we saw far away, in the centre of the great bare plain, the vague glitter of the white minarets of Mequinez, and congratulated ourselves on being so nearly there.

But what appeared to be a level plain was in reality an endless succession of parallel valleys separated by great billows of earth, rising to equal heights, so that it looked like an even surface; thus as we travelled on the city constantly vanished and reappeared, as though it were playing hide-and-seek with us. Then the valleys were so uneven and rocky that they could only be traversed by winding and difficult paths, so that the distance was certainly double what we had at first supposed it to be, the city seeming to retire as we advanced. In every valley we took heart again, only to be plunged in fresh despair on the next hill-top, and then shrill weary voices would be heard, and lamentable sighs, and angry determinations never again to undertake a journey in Africa, whatever the object or conditions. At length though, by the help of Providence, on issuing from among a group of wild olives we saw before us the unexpected sight of the long-wished-for city close at hand. All the lamentations at once gave way to exclamations of wonder. Mequinez, extended over a long hill, framed in gardens, surrounded by three lines of great battlemented walls, crowned with minarets and palm-trees, as gay and imposing as a suburb of Constantinople, lay spread out before us, her thousand white terraces outlined against the blue sky. Not a single cloud of smoke issued from that multitude of houses, not a living soul was to be seen either on the terraces or outside the walls, not the faintest sound

broke the stillness; it was like an abandoned city or some scene on the stage.

The mess-tent was pitched at once in the centre of a barren field, and about two hundred feet from one of the fifteen gates of the town, and before many minutes had elapsed we were all seated at table for the purpose of satisfying what the writers of elegant prose would call "*il naturale talento di cibo e di bevanda.*" Hardly had we taken our places when a party of horsemen, magnificently attired, and preceded by a troop of soldiers on foot, issued from the gate and advanced towards the camp. It was the Governor of Mequinez, accompanied by his relatives and officers. Dismounting from their steeds—whose trappings were of every color of the rainbow—at about twenty feet from the tent, they rushed towards us, crying in chorus, "Welcome! Welcome! Welcome!" The Governor was a young man with a sweet expression, black eyes, and a very black beard. The others were all tall, bearded men, between forty and fifty years of age, dressed in white, and as spruce and perfumed as though they were just out of a bandbox. They shook everyone by the hand, all circling about the table as though they were going through a quadrille figure, and smiling with great affability; then they placed themselves in a group behind the Governor. One of them though, observing a piece of bread lying on the ground, picked it up and placed it on the table, at the same time saying something

which no doubt signified "Excuse me, but the Koran forbids the waste of bread, I am but performing my duty as a good Mussulman." The Governor now offered to everyone the hospitality of his house, which was generally accepted, only the two painters and I remained in the camp, waiting until the heat should abate sufficiently for us to visit the town.

Selam kept us company, enlarging meanwhile upon the wonders of Mequinez.

"In Mequinez there are the most beautiful women in Morocco, and the most beautiful gardens in Africa, and its royal palace is the most beautiful in the world." That was how he began, and as a matter of fact that is the reputation of Mequinez throughout the Empire; there, woman is synonymous with beauty, and man with jealousy. The imperial palace was built by Mulai Ismael, where, in 1703, he kept four thousand women and eight hundred and sixty-seven children; it was two miles around, and was ornamented with marble columns, some of them brought hither from the ruins of Faraùn, not far from Mequinez, and the rest from Leghorn and Marseilles. There was a great *alcazar* where the most costly fabrics of Europe were exposed for sale, a vast market connected with the city by a street on which stood a hundred fountains, a park filled with enormous olives, seven great mosques, a formidable garrison of artillerymen, who kept the Berbers of the neighboring mountains in check, an imperial treasury containing five hundred

A Negro of Morocco.



million francs, and a population of fifty thousand inhabitants, who were considered the most courteous and hospitable people of the Empire.

Selam gave us, in a low voice and with mysterious gestures, an exact description of the spot where the treasure is still kept. No one knows what it amounts to, but of course it must have diminished considerably at the time of the last wars, if indeed enough remains to entitle it to the name of treasure. "Within the Sultan's palace," said he, "there is another palace, built entirely of stone, lighted only from above, and surrounded by three walls. Entering by an iron door, you presently come to another iron door, and then to still a third; after these three doors comes a low, dark passage-way, through which you have to carry lights; the pavement is of black marble, the walls are black, the roof is black, and the air smells like that of a tomb. At the end of the passage-way is a large room, and in the middle of the room an opening that lets down into a deep subterranean apartment; here four times a year three hundred negroes are employed in shovelling in with spades the gold and silver coins sent thither by the Sultan, who overlooks them himself. The negroes who work in this room are confined for life in the palace, while those employed in the subterranean apartment never come out of it alive. The ten earthenware vases which stand around the room contain the heads of ten negroes who once made an at-

tempt to steal; Mulai Suleiman had their heads cut off just as soon as all the money was safely stowed away, and not one man has ever come alive out of that palace except the Sultan, our lord."

He recounted these atrocities without evincing any sign of indignation; it was more as though he took a certain pride in them, and was speaking of superhuman matters about which a man had no right to pass judgment or to regard with any feeling other than one of mysterious reverence.

"There was once a certain King of Mequinez," continued he, with the same immovable gravity, standing erect before our tent, with one hand resting on the hilt of his sword, "who wished to make a road from Mequinez to Morocco, flanked by great walls so that even the blind could go from one city to the other without being guided. Now this King, who was both cruel and obstinate, owned a ring by the power of which he could assume power over all the demons; he accordingly summoned them and made them work on his road. There were thousands and thousands of them, and they could all lift stones that a hundred men were unable to move as far as the length of your finger. All the demons who refused to work were built into the wall alive, by the King's orders, and you can see their bones for yourself. (It is true that bones are to be found there, but they are the bones of Christian slaves, and may be seen in the walls of Sallee and Rabât as well.) Both walls of the road

had been built as far as a day's journey, and everyone was rejoicing to think how soon the work would be finished; but the King displeased Allah, so that he was not willing that that road should ever be completed. One day, as he was riding along on his horse, a poor country-woman stopped him and said, 'Where do you expect this road to lead to, oh rash King?' 'To the infernal regions,' answered the King, angrily. 'Then go there yourself,' cried the old woman, and at these words the King dropped from his horse dead, the walls crumbled to pieces, the demons scattered the stones over all the neighboring country, and the road remains unfinished to this day."

"And do you really believe all this, Selam?" I inquired.

"Why, certainly," he answered, surprised at my implied doubt.

"And do you believe in demons?"

"Why, of course I believe in them. Are we to suppose that there is any reason why people should not believe in them?"

"But have you ever seen any?"

"No, never, and that is why I do not think there are any left in the world now; and when I hear anyone say, 'Be careful how you go by such a place after nightfall, there are demons there,' I go right to that place, and am the first to go by it, because I know those demons are just men, and with a good horse

under me, and a good gun in my hands, I am not afraid of anyone."

"And how does it happen, in your opinion, that there are none now if there once were demons in the world?"

"Oh, well," said he, beginning to move off, "it is just because the world is different in many ways from what it used to be. I might ask you, for instance, why it is that the men are not so tall now as formerly, nor the days so long, and why the animals have stopped talking." And he walked off, shaking his head with an air of compassion.

As the ambassador dined in the city on that day Selam and the others did nothing but gallop back and forth between the gate and the camp, to the great amusement of the two artists and myself, who were more struck on that occasion than ever by the absurd contrast between their dignified and imposing appearance and the lowliness of their office. Here, for example, comes the servant Hamed bestriding a great black charger, who, issuing forth from the battlemented gate of Mequinez on a gallop, dashes across the open space at full speed. His high turban, struck by the sun's rays, shines like snow, his great light-blue cloak flutters in the breeze like a regal mantle, his dagger gleams, his graceful manly form breathes the dignity of a prince combined with the hardiness of a warrior. How many vague, romantic dreams are aroused by the sight of that picturesque Mussul-

man cavalier flying like a phantom beneath the walls of a mediæval city! Whither is he bound? To abduct the most beautiful of the Pasha of Faraùn's daughters? To challenge the valiant Kaïd of Wazan, who is betrothed to his sweetheart? To confide his troubles to the breast of the secular saint, who has been praying for eighty years on the summit of Mount Zarhún, in the sacred *zauia* of Mulai Edris? No, none of these. He is merely on his way to the camp to procure some fried potatoes for the ambassador's dinner.

Towards sunset the artists and I set out for the town, mounted on mules and accompanied by four of the foot-soldiers belonging to the Governor of Mequinez, who had first exchanged their muskets for sticks and knotted cords. Before starting, however, we made an agreement with them, through the interpreter Hamed, that when we should all three clap our hands at the same time, it would mean that they were to conduct us back to the camp by the shortest road, and as quickly as possible.

After passing through two outer gates—a steep hill leading from one to the other—we found ourselves in the heart of the town. Our first impression was one of pleased surprise. We had expected to find Mequinez more dreary, if anything, than Fez, instead of which it turned out to be a cheerful place, with plenty of foliage; its many streets, winding to be sure, but wide and flanked by low houses and

garden walls, above which could be seen the summits of the beautiful hills surrounding the city; in every direction glimpses could be caught of here a minaret, there a palm-tree or a battlemented wall; at every step we came to a fountain or an arabesqued doorway, oaks and leafy fig-trees grew in the middle of the streets and squares, and there was an all-pervading airiness and lightness, a breath of sweet country smells, and a certain charming peacefulness befitting a royal city which, though decayed it may be, is not altogether dead. After many turnings and twistings we came out upon the vast open square on which the great palace of the Governor stands, gorgeous with exquisite enameled mosaics of a hundred different colors. Just at that moment the rays of the setting sun fell full upon it, causing it to glitter like one of those palaces, studded with pearls, that figure in legends of the East. The soldiers were going through the "powder play," and about fifty servants and guards were seated on the ground before the entrance; the rest of the square was deserted. The glowing façade, the horsemen, the towers, the solitude, the sunset, all combined to form a picture so typically Moorish, to breathe a spirit so entirely of the past, to suggest in one brief glance so much history, poetry, and romance, that for a few moments we all three stood transfixed with admiration. From thence the soldiers took us to see a large outer gate of noble design, and covered from the base of the walls to the top with

delicate, many-colored mosaics, which gleamed like so many rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, set in a triumphal arch of ivory. The two painters made rapid sketches of it in their note-books, and we retraced our way to the town. Up to now the people whom we had met in the streets had exhibited no feeling other than curiosity; it had even seemed as though they regarded us with a more favorable eye than the inhabitants of Fez. But now all at once, and without a shadow of reason, their humor changed. First some old women cast sidelong glances at us; then two or three boys began throwing stones between our mules' legs; then one troop of ragamuffins ran before and another behind us, kicking up a diabolical racket. The soldiers of course did not hesitate to respond to these amenities in kind. Two kept in front and two behind us, and soon it was a pitched battle between them and the rabble; they struck those close at hand, threw stones at those farther off, and even chased the bolder spirits some distance. But it was wasted energy. Not daring to answer back with stones, the crowd began pelting us with bruised oranges, lemon-peel, and dried manure, and the rain soon became so thick that we thought it prudent to advise the soldiers to desist from all further offensive warfare in order not to provoke anything more serious; but these, by this time thoroughly exasperated, either did not hear us or pretended not to, and continued to fight with ever increasing fury. Unable to wreak their ven-

geance on the boys, they took it out on the men. Every paunch caught protruding from a doorway got a crack of the whip by way of warning; every poor devil who failed to flatten himself against the wall to let us pass, a push that sent him flying ten feet backwards; every old woman who cast a surly look at us, a fist shaken in her face and a rude voice in her ear. Indignant at these brutalities we signed energetically to them to desist, but the rascals, thinking that we were reproaching them for lack of zeal, only proceeded to lay about them more roughly than ever. To crown all, two youths of ten or twelve suddenly appeared from I do not know where—possibly they were relatives of the soldiers—armed with sticks, and joining the escort as volunteers at once began to deal out such vigorous and impartial blows on men, women, donkeys, mules, far and near alike, that even the soldiers were obliged to counsel moderation. At every stroke they would both turn and look at us, as though suggesting that it should be especially remembered in the fee, and as we had unfortunately gotten into a state of uncontrollable laughter they naturally took our mirth as a sign of encouragement, and banged away like creatures possessed. "What will happen now?" we said to one another. "An uprising? A riot?" Already the maltreated ones were beginning to mutter ominously; one or two had struck back at the boys. It was high time for us to get out of the city as quickly as possible. Biseo, however, still

hesitated; but just then, as we were crossing a square filled with people, a stone struck my mule square on the head, while a carrot took Ussi in the back of the neck. This decided us, and we at once clapped our hands, that being the signal agreed upon for beating a retreat; but even this innocent action caused fresh tumult. The soldiers, to show that they had understood, clapped theirs in return, and thereupon all the people in the square, intending probably to mock us, began clapping theirs as well, and all the while the showers of lemon-peel, curses, and blows kept up bravely, and continued until we were close to the gates; even when we were well outside and going towards the camp choruses of pleasantries were still hurled at us from the tops of the walls. "Cursed be your fathers!" "May your race die out!" "May Allah roast your great-grandmothers!" Such was the reception accorded us in the city of Mequinez; and certainly if, as is said, it is the most hospitable city in the Empire, we were lucky to be there and nowhere else. On the following morning a litter was brought to the camp for the doctor's use. It had been constructed in twenty-four hours by the most clever artisans of Mequinez, who would no doubt have consumed more than twenty-four days on the job had not the Governor put the matter to them accompanied by certain hints that it would hardly have been prudent to disregard. It was a heavy, cumbersome affair, looking more like a cage for the transportation of

wild beasts than a litter for a sick man, and yet a good deal better than anything we had hoped for. As the men gave the finishing touches under our direction, they were so proud of their work and so confident of our admiration that they fairly trembled with emotion, flashing quick glances at us every time we opened our lips. When Morteo finally put the money in their hands they thanked him with dignity, and walked off smiling triumphantly, as who should say, "Haughty ignorant ones, we have shown you what manner of men we are!"

Towards sunset we left Mequinez, and for two hours travelled across the most beautiful country ever dreamed of by an enraptured landscape painter. I can behold it still, and still I seem to feel the divine beauty of those green hills sprinkled with rose-trees, myrtles, oleanders, and flowering aloes; the gorgeous beauty of the city of Mequinez, gilded by the sun, as it gradually withdrew from our gaze, minaret by minaret, palm by palm, terrace by terrace, and the smaller it became the higher it seemed to lie, as though it were climbing up the hillside; and the perfume-laden breeze that ruffled the surface of the water, in which were reflected all the varying colors of the escort, and the dreamy infinitude of that rose-tinted sky. I can see it, feel it all still, and yet I cannot describe it, but sit helplessly gnawing my finger.

Panorama of Mequinez.



ON THE SEBÚ.

ON THE SEBÚ.

It was noon of the fifth day since leaving Fez, when, after a five hours' ride across a succession of barren valleys, we once more passed through the Beb-el-Tinca gorge, and again beheld, stretching away before us, the vast plain of the Sebú, flooded with white, glaring, blazing sunlight, the mere memory of which sends the blood rushing to my head. Everyone except the ambassador and the captain, both of whom seemed to share the supposed nature of the salamander, covered his head like a brother of the Misericordia, carefully enveloped himself in a cloak or cape, and without uttering a word, his chin resting on his breast and with eyes half-closed, descended into that terrible plain, trusting only to the mercy of Heaven. At a certain point the voice of the commander was heard breaking the silence. "One horse dead," said he; and sure enough, one of the baggage-horses had dropped. No one made any reply. "You know," added the commander with some irritation, "the horses always die *first*." This speech as well was received in utter silence. Half an hour later a faint voice was heard asking Ussi to whom he had

left his picture of Bianca Capello. During the entire ride not another word was spoken. Even the soldiers of the escort did not talk, while the Kaïd Hamed Ben Kasen actually had perspiration rolling down his face, notwithstanding the huge turban that shaded him. Poor general! That very morning he had rendered me assistance in a way that I shall remember for the rest of my life; seeing that I kept falling behind, he came alongside of me and fell to whacking my mule with such vicious zeal that in a few moments I pranced gayly by all my companions and tore off at a gallop, bounding in my saddle like an india-rubber figure, and arrived in camp full five minutes ahead of any of the others, with my insides in commotion and my heart full of gratitude. No one stirred out of his tent that day until dinner-time, and the meal itself was as silent as though we already felt the depressing effect of the morrow's heat. A single incident that occurred towards the end succeeded in causing a little stir in the camp. We had reached the fruit, when we heard a mournful cry proceeding from the direction of the escort camp, accompanied by a noise which gradually grew louder and sounded like some one being flogged. Thinking that it was only some sport of the soldiers or servants we paid no attention, but all at once the cries grew shrill, and we could distinctly hear a voice uttering in tones of supplication the name of the founder of Fez, "Mulai Edris!" "Mulai Edris!" Leaving the table, we all

hastened to the spot from whence the sounds came, and there we witnessed a painful sight. Two soldiers of the escort held an Arab servant suspended between them, one grasping him by the shoulders and the other by the feet, a third was flogging him severely with a whip, a fourth held the lantern, and the others stood in a circle looking on. Hard by stood the Kaïd, with arms folded across his breast. The ambassador at once ordered the prisoner to be released, and as he hurried away, still sobbing, asked the Kaïd what had happened. "Nothing, nothing," he said, "merely a trifling occurrence," and then explained that he had been obliged to punish the man for throwing balls of kuskussú at his companions—a rather serious misdemeanor, and for a Mussulman sacrilegious as well, as every kind of food the earth produces should be looked upon as the direct gift of God, and respected accordingly. As he spoke the Kaïd, who at heart was the kindest of men, could not conceal, try as he might to appear indifferent, the real pain it had caused him to have to inflict such a punishment and his pity for the victim, a fact that restored him to his place in my heart. During the night we were aroused by a hot east wind that drove us from our beds in search of a mouthful of air fit to breathe. At daybreak we resumed our journey in a close atmosphere that gave promise of a still warmer day than the one before. The heavens were covered with clouds, tinged with red in one direction by the rising sun, which broke

through at some points in dazzling rays; on the opposite side it was black and streaked with oblique lines of rain; and from this threatening sky there came a strange unearthly light, as though it shone first through a roof of yellow glass, throwing over that vast stubble-covered plain an angry sulphurous glare that almost hurt our eyes. In the distance we could see the wind raising great clouds of dust and whirling it around in furious gusts. The country was deserted, the air heavy and oppressive, the horizon hidden behind a lead-colored veil of vapor. Without ever having seen Sahara I fancied that at times it must present just such an appearance, and was about to express this thought aloud when Ussi, who has been to Egypt, suddenly stopped short and exclaimed in a voice of wonder, "Why, there is the desert!"

After a four hours' ride we reached the banks of the Sebú, where twenty Beni Hassan cavaliers awaited us, commanded by a handsome boy of twelve, son of the Governor Sid-Abd-Allà. The party advanced to meet us with the usual shouts and firing of muskets, and the camp was pitched with all speed close to the river on a piece of bare ground broken by deep fissures. As soon as luncheon was over everyone withdrew to his tent to get through as best he might what proved to be the hottest day of the trip. I shall endeavor to give some faint idea of our sufferings, so let my kindly readers prepare their hearts for sentiments of the profoundest pity, while I, wiping the

perspiration from my brow, begin: At ten o'clock in the morning, when my two companions and I retired to our tent, the thermometer marked 107$\frac{3}{5}$° (Fahrenheit) in the shade. For about an hour an animated conversation was kept up. At the end of that time, finding a certain difficulty in rounding off our periods, we confined ourselves to simple statements of facts; then concluding that it was too fatiguing to put verb, subject, and attribute together, we stopped talking entirely and tried to go to sleep, but it was a useless attempt. The heat of the beds, the flies, thirst, suffocation, all combined to keep us from closing our eyes. After fuming and tossing for some time we resigned ourselves to staying awake, and tried to find some way of occupying ourselves, but there was none; cigars, pipes, books, maps, everything fell from our hands. I attempted to write, but at the third line the whole page was damp with the perspiration that was running off my forehead like water from a wet sponge. I could feel little rivulets all over me, which intersected and emptied into one another, forming rivers and cascades, and then ran down my arms and hands until they almost washed the ink off the end of my pen. In a few minutes handkerchiefs, towels, veils, everything we could lay our hands on were drenched as though they had been dipped in a pail of water. We tried to drink out of the cask, but the water was boiling, so we emptied it out; hardly had it touched the ground when all trace

of it vanished. At noon the thermometer was $112\frac{1}{10}°$. The tent was an oven, every object we touched seemed to burn us. I laid my hand on my head and felt as though I had placed it on a stove. The beds scorched our backs so that we could not lie on them; once I tried putting my hand on the ground outside the tent; it was red-hot. Everyone had ceased talking, but from time to time some feeble voice would be heard to ejaculate, "This is death," or "No one can stand this much longer," or "We will all go mad." Ussi appeared for an instant at the door of our tent with his eyes starting out of his head, and murmuring in a choked voice "I am dying," vanished. Diana, poor little creature, lay extended beside the commander's bed panting in such a manner that we feared that every moment would be her last. Without the tents not a voice could be heard, no one was to be seen, everything was as motionless as though the camp had been abandoned. The horses neighed in the most lamentable manner, the doctor's litter, which had been placed near our tent, creaked and groaned as though it were splitting apart. Once Selam's voice was heard as he ran by calling out, "*Se ha muerto un perro!*" (A dog is dead.) "That makes one" came back in faint tones from the commander, facetious to the last. At one o'clock the thermometer had reached $115\frac{7}{10}°$, and after that even the voice of lamentation was hushed. The commander, the vice-consul, and I lay prone upon the ground like so many

dead bodies; throughout the entire camp the captain and the ambassador were probably the only two Christians who still gave signs of life. I do not recollect how long I remained in that condition, I was plunged in a sort of stupor, and lay in a kind of waking dream. All manner of confused images surged through my brain—visions of cool spots and frozen objects. I was diving off some high cliff into a lake; holding my neck under the mouth of a pump; building a house of solid ice; devouring in the space of ten minutes all the ices in Naples; and the more I in fancy paddled in cool, watery depths and swallowed frozen things the more conscious I became of dying of heat, thirst, madness, exhaustion. At length the captain was heard announcing, in funereal tones, "116$\frac{3}{5}$°." That was the last utterance I remember to have heard. . . . .

Towards evening the little son of the Governor of the Beni Hassans whom we had seen in the morning came to call upon the ambassador in place of his father, who was ill. He entered the camp on horseback, accompanied by an officer and two soldiers. The latter lifted him to the ground in their arms, and he advanced towards the ambassador's tent with measured tread, wearing his long light-blue cape as though it had been a coat of mail, his left hand resting upon the hilt of a sword longer than he was himself, and the right extended in greeting. In the morning when we had seen him on his horse he had

appeared to be a good-looking youth enough, and indeed he had a pair of handsome, thoughtful eyes, set in a pale oval face; but on foot we perceived that he was twisted and deformed, a fact that may have accounted for his fixed melancholy. Throughout the entire visit not a single smile illumined his face, nor did his expression become more cheerful. He regarded us searchingly, one after another, and replied to the ambassador's questions in low, brief tones. Once only did a faint ray of pleasure gleam in his eyes, when the ambassador spoke of having noted with admiration his bold, graceful horsemanship in the morning, but even that was only a passing ray. Notwithstanding the fact that we all sat around looking at him, and that this was probably his first appearance before a European ambassador in an official capacity, he did not betray the slightest shadow of embarrassment, sipped his tea slowly, eat a few sweetmeats, talked aside to his officer, adjusted his little turban two or three times, examined our shoes attentively, let it appear that he was growing tired, and then took his leave, pressing the ambassador's hand to his breast, and turning towards his horse with the same bearing of a dignified Sultan that he had worn when he approached; helped into the saddle by his soldiers' aid, he said once more, "Peace be with you," and departed at a gallop, followed by his little be-cloaked staff.

That same evening some sick people came in search

Kabyle Woman.



of the doctor, who, accompanied by the dragoman, Salomon, and a small band of soldiers, had started not long before by the Alcazar road for Tangier. Among others there was a wretched-looking youth, half-naked and emaciated, whose dull eyes seemed hardly to see us, and apparently worn out with fatigue.

"What do you want?" asked Morteo.

"I want to see the Christian doctor," he replied in a trembling voice.

On hearing that he was too late he stood for a moment as though stupefied, and then cried out in a tone of absolute desperation:

"But can I not see him at all? I have come eight miles to get myself cured by the Christian doctor! I must see the Christian doctor!" and thereupon he burst into most heart-rending sobs. Morteo put some money in his hand, which he accepted with indifference, and then pointing out the road taken by the doctor told him that if he walked quickly he might still be able to overtake him. The youth hesitated a few moments, gazing with tearful eyes in the direction indicated, and then slowly set forth.

That evening the sun went down beyond an immense pavilion of golden and flame-colored clouds, and shooting its last blood-colored rays athwart the plain dropped below the unbroken line of the horizon like an enormous fiery ball plunging into the bowels of the earth. The night was cold!

By sunrise of the following day we had already

reached the same spot on the left bank of the Sebú where we had crossed on our way from Tangier, and no sooner had we arrived than the charming Governor Síd Bekr-el-Habassi appeared on the opposite bank, accompanied by his officers and men, wearing the same white cloak, and mounted upon the same black charger, with sky-blue trappings, as when we first met him. But this time the passage of the river presented an unlooked-for difficulty. Of the two boats in which we should have crossed, one had gone completely to pieces, and the other was broken in several places and half under water, while the little *duar*, formerly inhabited by the boatmen and their families, was deserted. The river could not be forded without great risk, and the nearest available boats were at least a day's journey distant from that spot. What was to be done! How could we get across! A soldier swam the river and carried word of the situation to the Governor, who on his part dispatched another soldier to bring us the explanation. The boatmen, it seemed, had been duly notified on the preceding day to hold themselves in readiness to transport the embassy across on the following morning, that being the time when we were expected, but finding that owing to their own negligence the boats were reduced to such a condition as to be quite useless, and being themselves either unable or unwilling to mend them, they had quietly decamped in the night to Heaven knows where, taking their families and stock

with them, in order to escape the Governor's wrath. There was then nothing for it but to patch up the least injured of the two boats as best we might, and that was what was done. The soldiers ran hither and thither collecting men from the neighboring *duars*, and presently the work was begun under the lordly supervision of Luigi, the caulker, who on that, for him, memorable occasion, gloriously sustained the honor of the Italian navy. It was amusing to watch the Arabs and Moors at work. Ten of them, all gesticulating and shouting in chorus, at the end of half an hour had not accomplished as much as Luigi and Ranni in five minutes passed in military silence. They all issued orders, all criticised, all waxed angry, all assumed airs of command, motioning to and directing one another imperiously, like so many admirals, at the very least, and not one of them made the hole any smaller. The Governor and the Kaïd meanwhile shouted to one another across the water; the horsemen of both escorts galloped up and down the banks examining the horizon in search of the fugitives; the beasts of burden stood on the shore in a long line, half up to their necks in water; the workmen chanted the praises of the Prophet; and on the opposite shore a great sky-blue tent arose, beneath which Sîd Bekr-el-Habassi's servants hastened to prepare for our delectation a delicious repast, composed of figs, sweetmeats, and tea, which we got a foretaste of through our glasses, humming meanwhile snatches from a

serio-comic opera, composed during the dull hours at Fez, and called "The Italians in Morocco."

By the help of the Prophet the boat was patched up in a couple of hours. Ranni took each one of us on his shoulders in turn and deposited us in the bow, and we reached the opposite shore, up to our ankles, it is true, in water, but without having to swim for it, an inestimable piece of good fortune, which we were very far from counting upon at first.

Governor Síd Bekr-el-Habassi had heard of how the ambassador had sounded his praises to the Sultan, and was consequently even more kind and engaging than on the former occasion. After resting a little while we continued our journey in the direction of Kariya-el-Habassi, which we reached at about twelve o'clock, and passed the hot hours of the afternoon in the same small, white apartment where just thirty-five days previously we had seen our host's pretty little daughter peeping out at us from behind the paternal turban. On this occasion Síd Bekr-el-Habassi presented to the ambassador among other personages a Moor of about fifty, of stately bearing and pleasing address, who I do not suppose one of us has ever forgotten, not so much on his own account as because of the strange things we were told of his family. He was a brother of one Sid-Bomedi, former Governor of the Province of Ducalla, who for eight years had languished in a Fez prison. Tyrannical and recklessly extravagant, he had bled his people to

the utmost, obtained ruinous loans from European brokers, contracted debt on debt, and raised the devil generally among his family and friends, and was finally arrested and carried off to Fez by the Sultan's orders, who, believing him to have treasure stowed away somewhere, had caused his house to be pulled down, the ruins searched, the foundations dug up, and his entire family forbidden the province under pain of death, for fear that some of them might know where the money was hidden and secretly remove it. But as nothing was found—possibly because there was nothing to find—the Sultan persisted in his belief that treasure was hidden somewhere and that the prisoner could tell if he would. The latter had not yet been allowed to see the light of day, and was probably doomed to die in confinement. The case of Sid-Bomedi is by no means an uncommon one among the Governors of Morocco, who, some more and some less, all enrich themselves at the expense of their people, and furnish a never-failing excuse to the Government, ever on the lookout to get possession of their property, to do so under the pretence of punishing a culprit. The Governor or Pasha upon whom the Sultan has fixed his eye is summoned to Fez or Morocco in a friendly manner, or else is suddenly arrested in the dead of night by a band of imperial soldiers, and conducted to the capital by forced marches, tied to a mule, on his back, with his head hanging down and his face exposed to the sun. On

his arrival he is loaded with chains and thrown into a dungeon. If he tells where his money is hidden he is released and sent back in honor to his province, where in a short time, and by means of still more oppressive measures, he is able to reimburse himself; but if he refuse to reveal the secret he is left to languish in his living sepulchre, and is flogged every day in addition, till the blood flows. Again, if he only tells where part of his fortune is secreted he is beaten all the same until the whole truth is known. Sometimes a Governor, more acute than the others, scents the threatened catastrophe beforehand, and averts it by going voluntarily to court, accompanied by a long caravan of mules and camels, laden with costly gifts; but as it takes most of his fortune to provide these offerings the results are no less disastrous for the people of his province than they are for those whose Governor returns from prison, having been forcibly stripped of his possessions. It sometimes happens that the prisoner dies under the rod or from confinement, without having revealed the secret, and then when a favorable opportunity arrives some member of his family gets possession of the treasure; and others again die without revealing anything, simply because they have no treasure; but such cases are rare, it being a general custom in Morocco for everyone to hide what money he can, and the Moors are known to be marvellously clever at the art of concealment. Stories are told of treasures buried be-

neath the door-steps of houses, under the pilasters of the court-yards, the stairs, the windows; of dwellings being pulled down to the very foundation, stone by stone, without the treasure being discovered, which, however, was there all the time; of slaves who were killed and secretly buried after having helped their masters to hide their money; and the common people mix up these horrible and melancholy tales of things which have actually occurred with their charming legends of miracles and spirits.

Governor el-Habassi returned with us towards evening to the camp, which had been pitched in a meadow filled with flowers and tortoises, about two hours' ride from his house, and midway between the river Meda, which a little further on splits up into a number of small streams, and a charming hill, surmounted by a saint's tomb with a green dome. About a gunshot from our tents was a large *duar*, surrounded by aloes and Indian fig-trees. As we passed by the entire population streamed out, and we had an opportunity to see for ourselves the affection in which the Governor is held by his people. Infirm old men and women, troops of children, middle-aged persons, youths, one and all came running up for him to lay his hand on their heads, and then went back quite satisfied, turning around to gaze at him with an expression of love and gratitude. The presence of the adored Governor did not, however, serve to avert from us any of the customary black looks and imprecations

Women half-hidden behind a hedge would push forward one child with their right hands for the Governor's blessing, and another with the left to tell us that we were dogs. Little creatures about two feet high, barely able to stand, would come toddling towards us, entirely naked, and shaking their tiny fists, about the size of a walnut, at us, would cry out, "May your father be accursed!" As they were afraid to face us alone, they would assemble in parties of seven or eight, all crowding close together in a group that could have been stood on a good-sized tray, and advancing with a threatening air to within about ten feet of our mules, where they would stammer out their small impertinences. How we laughed! One party approached Biseo to express the hope that some of his relatives—I have forgotten just which—might be roasted. Biseo took out his pencil, and the two front ones, jumping suddenly backwards in their fright, upset the rest, and half the regiment were bowled heels over head. Even the Governor burst out laughing.

AZÎLA.

AZÎLA.

AFTER the continuous sight of great decaying cities, a declining population, and a country beautiful, it is true, but mournful in the extreme, after slumber, old age, ruin, to be suddenly confronted by ceaseless activity, immortal youth, air that rejuvenates the blood, beauty that rejoices the heart, a boundless immensity in which the soul expands—the ocean! With what tremors of delight did we greet it! The unexpected appearance of a friend or brother would not have aroused greater enthusiasm than did the sight of that distant, shimmering arc, which seemed to sweep away like some huge scythe, Islamism, slavery, ignorance, and bear our thoughts direct and unimpeded back to Italy. "*Bahr-el-Kibir!*" (the great sea) exclaimed some of the soldiers, while others murmured, "*Bahr-ed-Dholma!*" (The sea of shadows.) Every one involuntarily quickened his pace; conversation which had languished revived again; the servants began chanting sacred songs; in the course of a few moments the entire caravan had taken on an air of gayety and rejoicing.

On the evening of the 19th of June we encamped

but a three hours' ride from El Araish, and on the following morning entered the city. The Governor's son received us at the gate, attended by twenty unarmed and bare-foot soldiers, standing in line in the street, a hundred or so ragged boys, and a band consisting of a drummer and a trumpeter, who shortly afterwards came to earn a gratuity by treating us to an ear-splitting concert in the court-yard of the Italian consular agency.

On a coast strewn with such decayed cities as Sallee, Azamoor, Safior, and Santa Cruz, El Araish, by virtue of such small commercial activity as she is still able to boast of, is reckoned as one of the principal ports of Morocco. Founded in the fifteenth century by a Berber tribe, fortified towards the end of the same century by Mulai-ben-Nassar, surrendered to Spain in 1610, retaken by Mulai Ismael in 1689, still a flourishing place in the beginning of this century, and inhabited to-day by about four thousand persons, both Moors and Jews included, such briefly is the outline of her history. The town stands on the side of a hill to the left of the mouth of the river Kús—the Lixus of the Romans—which forms a capacious and safe harbor, rendered useless, however, for large ships by the sand-bar that lies nearly across the entrance. In this harbor rot the hulks of two small gunboats, the last, forlorn remains of that fleet that once bore conquering armies to the shores of Spain, and carried dismay intc the ranks of European com-

El Araish Bab Manzal.



merce. On the right bank of the river may still be seen some of the ruins of the ancient city of Lixus, and beyond the hill stands a large forest of mighty trees. There is nothing especially noteworthy within the city except the market-place, surrounded by an arcade supported on small stone pillars, but the view of it from the harbor, all white against the deep-green of the hill-side, inclosed in a circle of high, dark battlemented walls, reflected in the blue waters of the river, and beneath that limpid sky, was altogether charming, albeit in spite of the brilliant coloring—melancholy as well—one could not help pitying the picturesque little town, left there lonely and silent on that wild coast, with its deserted harbor, and facing that boundless ocean.

Camp was pitched that night on the right bank of the Kús, and broken at an early hour the next morning. We were to go to Azîla, distant about four hours' ride from El Araish, and the baggage convoy was accordingly dispatched in the morning, while the embassy waited until towards evening. Wishing to see the caravan from a fresh point of view, I went with the baggage, and was very glad afterwards that I had done so, as the trip proved to be quite an adventurous one. The pack-mules travelled in small parties, accompanied by the muleteers and servants, and some distance apart. I set out alone, and for nearly an hour rode over the hills without seeing anyone but a solitary mule, led by an Arab servant and

laden with a pair of straw panniers, one of which supported the head and the other the feet of a groom of the ambassador, who had been seized with a violent attack of fever, and whose groans were enough to move the very stones to pity. The poor creature was laid across the mule's back, with his head hanging down, his body curved, and the sun in his eyes, and in that way he had travelled from Kariya-el-Habassi, and would have to finish the journey to Tangier. Indeed, it is the common manner of transporting sick people throughout Morocco, unless they happen to be rich enough to hire a litter and a pair of mules; and he who has a pannier for his head may count himself fortunate.

From the hills I descended to the shore, where I found the cook, Ranni, and Luigi, who joined and kept with me the rest of the way to Azîla. For the space of an hour we trotted over the sand, making occasional detours to avoid the inroads of the tide. During this ride the cook, who for the first time throughout the entire trip had an opportunity to talk freely to me, opened his heart. Poor man! All the incidents of the journey, all the wonderful things he had seen, had not succeeded in ridding his mind of a certain haunting memory that had never left him since the first week of his sojourn in Tangier. It was the recollection of a particular jelly that had turned out badly on the occasion of a dinner given to the French minister—a jelly that had struck the first blow

at his reputation, hitherto so firmly established in the ambassadorial mind, and which, after all, had failed through no fault of his, but simply because the *marsala* was bad. Fez, the court, Mequinez, the Sebú, the ocean, he had seen them all, and beheld every one of them across that disk of solidified syrup; or rather he had seen and was seeing nothing at all, because although his bodily presence was in Morocco, his spirit was in Piazza Castello. I asked him his impressions of the journey, but they did not amount to much. He could not "understand what sort of animal it could be that would fashion such a place." He told me about all his trials and difficulties, his encounters with the Arab scullions, his efforts to prepare things fit to eat in the middle of these wilds, of his intense longing to get back to Turin; but he always came back to that heart-rending jelly of the French minister. "I do not know how to cook, perhaps? Will you do me the favor when you are next in Turin," and he touched me on the arm to draw my attention away from the contemplation of the ocean, "Will you just do me the favor to put that question to Count So-and-So, Countess Such-an-one, etc., whom I have served for years and years? Go to General Ricotti, the Minister of War, he who has been minister for five years and can get anything he likes; go to him, and just put that question squarely, Do I or do I not know how to make jelly? Just go to him, give me that satisfaction; spend a few moments with him

when we get back;" and he was so urgent that in order to look at the ocean in peace I was obliged to promise that I would.

Meanwhile every hundred feet or so we would overtake two or three pack-mules, a few mounted soldiers, and some servants on foot; little fragments of the caravan which for an hour or more we continued to pass. Among the soldiers were a few from El Araish, tattered individuals, with handkerchiefs knotted about their heads, and rusty guns clasped in their hands; while among the servants I observed, for the first time, some boys of twelve or fifteen years, runaways, they told me, from Mequinez and Kariya-el-Habassi, who had joined the caravan, with nothing on their backs but a tunic, to go to Tangier, the city of civilization, and seek their fortunes, living meanwhile on the charity of the soldiers. Some of these groups would have a story-teller in their number, others were amusing themselves by singing, and they all appeared to be happy. About half-way we halted for luncheon in the shadow of a rock, and I witnessed a little scene that told me more of the character of the people than a whole book of philosophical reflections would have done. A soldier was seated on the beach, and beyond him another; further on was a servant, and fifty feet beyond him, on the slope of a little hill and close to a spring, sat another servant, with a jug between his knees. Wishing a drink of water I called to the nearest soldier, "*Elma*" (water), and pointed to the

spring. The man assented with a polite gesture, and ordered his neighbor imperiously to "get some water." The second one made a movement as though he would obey at once, and then turning in a threatening manner towards the first servant began to scold him for not having already run to perform his duty. This one thereupon jumped up, and even took a few steps towards the spring, but thinking better of it merely told the man with the jug to fetch it at once, while he, thinking that I was not paying much attention, did not stir. Five minutes passed, and still no water. I again applied to the first soldier, and again the whole scene was enacted; finally I saw that if I was to get any water I would have to give the order directly to the man with the jug. I did so, and he, after taking some moments to consider the matter, at last concluded to draw it, and brought it to me at a snail's pace. We now resumed our journey, a fresh breeze was blowing, and the sun had gone under a cloud. The ride was enchanting, but as the tide rose higher and higher our narrow strip of sandy beach became more and more contracted, so that we were obliged to ride single file, and soon found ourselves imprisoned between the water and the cliffs, which rose almost perpendicularly above our heads, and obliged us to pick out a path among the stones and reefs against which the waves were breaking. Sometimes my mule would stop short in affright and I would find myself entirely surrounded by water, enveloped in a

cloud of foam, deafened by the roar, blinded by the spray, with my head in a whirl, and the headings of obituary notices composed by my friends dancing through my brain. But our hour, as the cook would say, had not yet sounded, and after a mile of this sort of thing we reached the foot of a cliff which seemed to be more accessible, and up which we accordingly scrambled in hot haste, only pausing to look back at our perilous pathway. We were accompanied by an old soldier of El Araish, on horseback, who was a little touched in his head and laughed all the time, but who, Heaven be praised, knew the road. This man led us around the cliff and then through a thick jungle of dwarf oaks, hawthorns, birches, cork-trees, brooms, and shrubs of every kind; by a thousand winding paths, amid rocks and brambles, in mud, water, and mire, through places that seemed never before to have been trodden by the foot of man, and, still laughing, brought us out at last, after a long and very wearisome détour all scratched and pulled to pieces, on the shore, where we still found a narrow strip of dry sand left. Here, the caravan not being yet in sight, the coast was deserted, and we rode on for some time, seeing nothing but sky and sea and the bases of the steep hills, which run in successive chains to the shore, and thus cut off the view before and behind. We were proceeding in single file and in perfect silence over a beach as hard and smooth as a floor, the thoughts of every one of us, I venture to say,

many hundreds of miles away from Morocco, when quite suddenly a horrible-looking object jumped out from behind a neighboring rock, a frightful old man, half-naked, with a wreath of yellow flowers on his head, a saint, who began inveighing against us, howling like a madman, and going through the motions, with both hands, of tearing our faces, and pulling out our beards. We stopped to watch him, whereat he became more violent. Ranni, without more ado, started towards him with a stick, but I stopped him, and threw the man a piece of money. The rascal became silent at once, picked up the coin, examined it carefully on both sides, hid it away, and immediately began abusing us more furiously than ever.

"Ah," said Ranni, "this time a knock or two will do him good." But the soldier suddenly became serious, and holding him back, addressed a few words to the saint in a low voice and an accent of the deepest reverence. The wretched old creature thereupon ceased, and with a last furious look at us disappeared once more among the rocks, where we were told he had lived for two years subsisting entirely on roots and herbs, and with the sole object of cursing such of the Nazarene vessels as he could descry on the horizon.

We now reascended the hills and rode for a long time over winding paths, amid lentisks, brooms, and boulders; sometimes, the path winding along the edge of a perpendicular cliff, we would see far below us the

sea breaking over the reefs, and a long stretch of sand enlivened as far as the eye could reach by detachments of the caravan, and beyond the boundless surface of the ocean stretching away, blue and dotted over with the white sails of distant vessels. The flattened summits of the hills across which we were riding formed a vast undulating plain, covered with high shrubs, and with not a vestige of cultivation in sight, not a *kubba* even, nor a hut, nor a human creature, and with no sound to be heard but the ceaseless murmur of the sea.

"What a country!" said the cook, gazing uneasily about him. "I only hope that nothing will happen to us," and he asked me more than once if I did not think there was any risk of our encountering a stray lion or so.

Ascending and descending, losing and finding one another again, and all the while shut in by the thick underbrush, we journeyed for nearly two hours among those desolate hills, and had begun to fear that we had lost our way, when from the top of an eminence we suddenly saw before us the towers of Azîla and the entire line of coast as far as the mountain on Cape Spartel, whose blue contour stood out clear and distinct against the limpid background of the sky. There was great rejoicing among my little caravan, but it was unfortunately short-lived. Making our way down to the beach, we descried some little distance ahead of us a group of horses and some men lying about under

the trees. Immediately on seeing us they leaped to their feet, mounted, and advanced to meet us in a single line, formed in the shape of a half-moon, as though with the idea of cutting off all chance of escape in the direction of the town.

"We are in for it now," thought I. "This time there is no help for it, it is a robber band without doubt," and I motioned to the others to halt.

"Send the Moor on ahead!" cried the cook, and the Moorish soldier went to the front.

"Let fly at them!" howled the cook, beside himself with fright.

"One moment," said I. "Suppose before we begin killing them we ascertain if they have really any desire to kill us," and I observed them more closely as they advanced on a trot, ten of them, some dressed in dark colors, some in white, and certainly failed to see that any of them carried guns. At the head rode an old man with a white beard; altogether I felt reassured.

"Let us form in a square," cried the cook, but I told him there was no need. By this time the white-bearded leader had uncovered, and was coming towards me cap in hand. He was a Jew! Ten feet away he stopped with his suite, composed of four other Jews and five Arab servants, and motioned that he wished to speak to me.

"*Hable Usteo*," I replied.

"I am so and so, of such and such a place," he

said in a very sweet voice in Spanish, and bowing with an air of deepest respect. "I am consular agent of Italy and all the other European countries in the town of Azîla. I have the honor to be in the presence of His Excellency, the Ambassador of Italy, returning from Fez, who left El Araish this morning and is on his way to Tangier?"

Then I understood, but hastily assuming an air of lofty dignity I sent a slow glance over my escort, fairly trembling with pride and delight, and having thus for a few brief seconds inhaled the incense of an official reception, I reluctantly undeceived the old gentleman, and told him who I was. He seemed a good deal disappointed at first, but did not allow it to alter his demeanor, offering me his house to rest in, and on my declining insisting at all events on accompanying me to the spot which had been chosen for the camp.

We accordingly proceeded all together, making a circuit around the city in order to reach the shore on the other side. If only Ussi and Biseo could have beheld me then! How picturesque a representative of Italy I must have been, mounted on muleback, with a white scarf wrapped about my head, and followed by my staff, consisting of a cook in his shirt-sleeves, two sailors armed with sticks, and a crazy Moor! Oh, Italian art, what hast thou lost!

Azîla, Zilia of the Carthaginians, *Julia Traducta* of the Romans; taken from these last by the Goths;

sacked by the English towards the middle of the tenth century; consisting for thirty years of nothing but a heap of stones; then rebuilt by Abd-er-Rhaman ben Ali, Caliph of Cordova; captured by the Portuguese, and retaken by the Moors, is now nothing but a poor little town of not much over a thousand inhabitants, counting both Moors and Jews; surrounded on the side next the sea, as well as that towards the land, by high battlemented walls, falling into ruins; white and silent as a cloister, and like all other small Mohammedan towns stamped with that air of gentle melancholy that reminds one of the smile of a dying man, who takes pleasure in the fact that his life is ebbing away.

Towards sunset that evening the ambassador arrived in camp, having passed through the town, and I can see before me now the charming picture formed by that brilliant cavalcade, so full of life and color, which, issuing from one of the great battlemented gateways, advanced in picturesque disorder along the shore of the ocean, throwing across the sand, tinted rose-color by the setting sun, its long black shadows. And I can still feel the pang that went through me as I said to myself, "What a pity, what a pity that that charming picture must fade away, combining as it does so much of Africa, and so much of Italy, so many joyful prognostications, so many happy memories." And just at this point, indeed, the trip may be said to have ended, as we camped the following morn-

ing at Ain Daliya, and two days later re-entered Tangier, where the caravan dispersed in the self-same market-square from which two months before it had set forth.

The commander, the captain, the two artists, and I left for Gibraltar together; and the ambassador, the vice-consul, and all the legation people went down to the shore to see us off. The adieux were very warm; every one seemed to be more or less moved, even the good General Hamed ben Kasen, who, straining my hand against his broad breast, repeated three times the only European words he knew—"*A Dios!*"—in accents that came straight from his heart. Hardly had we set foot on the vessel's deck when all that phantasmagoria of pashas, negroes, tents, mosques, and battlemented towers seemed to recede to an immeasurable distance of time and space. It was not as though a country merely, but an entire world, faded at that moment from our gaze—a world, moreover, that there was but small likelihood of our ever beholding again. A little fragment of Africa accompanied us to the very ship in the persons of the two Selams, Ali, Hamed, Abd-er-Rhaman, Civo, Morteo's servants, and all the rest of those worthy young fellows whose Mussulman prejudices had not sufficed to prevent their becoming attached to the Nazarenes and serving them devotedly. These, too, now bade us farewell with every token of lively affection and sincere regret, Civo more than any of them, who,

Tangier from the Beach.



flourishing his white tunic before my eyes for the last time, seized me around the neck like a friend of my childhood and imprinted two kisses on my ear.

Even when the steamer had gotten under way they all still stood in their boat waving their red fezzes in the air, and calling out, as long as we could hear them:

"Allah be with you on your journey!" "Come back to Morocco!" "Farewell to the Nazarenes!" "Farewell to the Italians!" "Farewell! Farewell!"

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